

# THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS TO CLERGYMEN.—Our text will be found on the front of several of the late Nos.; but we now ask our readers to apply it to a single class of persons, while the price of every article of food or clothing, and of all the necessaries of life (excepting *The Living Age*), has been increased, little or nothing has been done to raise proportionally the salaries of clergymen. They are obliged to lessen their comforts, in order to meet this pressure.

Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and do not give him *The Living Age* if there be any other work that will do him more good.

☞ The last volume of 1863 is now bound and ready to be exchanged for the Nos., on receipt of Fifty Cents for the binding.

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## "BEYOND."

## FLECKING the western gray

That tops all the darker sea,  
There's a tiny speck of a distant sail,  
Which beckons and calls to me:

To me, on this wearisome shore,  
Who stand 'twixt a fool and a knave:  
And my heart swells big when I hear that call  
Borne down by the breeze and the wave.

It is phrased in an elder tongue;  
It is toned in a full deep tone;  
And it speaks, as I think, of another world  
Than the fool and the knave have known.

The world of the bright Beyond,  
Which never mapped out can be;  
But is whispered at times to ears that hear,  
Divined by eyes that see—

In the dark of the rock-bound lakes,  
In the mirth of the dancing seas,  
On piled-up glories of sunset cloud,  
Through arches of glimmering trees.

Thence, splendor of limner's dye,  
Thence, meaning of sculptor's hand,  
Faint shadows, at best, of types that abide  
At home in that farther land.

Its echoes are quickening words,  
Or words of poet were vain,  
When he sings of a higher, a better life  
In a strange but enchanting strain.

Of love, not bought by gold,  
Of valor when none are by,  
Of kind deeds done in return for ill,  
Of honor, that will not lie.

Oh, that up from this wearisome shore,  
I could climb the mysterious sea,  
And learn if I read the message aright,  
Which comes from that sail to me!

FREDERICK H. WHYMPER.

—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

COME down! those shadowed sands invite,  
And that soft glory on the Deep;  
We breathe an atmosphere of light  
Subtle as dew, and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,  
A sail is shining like a gem;  
I think the boats are coming home;  
We'll linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays  
By this gray limit of our pier;  
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,  
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait its will;  
Oh, pleasant patience! they to make  
(While we behold them and lie still)  
A hundred pictures for our sake.

Oh, happy patience! Not a hue  
Can flutter through the changing air,  
Or mould the cloud, or touch the blue,  
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand  
That warms the film within the foam,  
They know the certain wave at hand,—  
The tender wave that lifts them home.

It comes—they pass—each turning sail  
Is first a hope and then a bliss;  
Come beck, and dream a fairy tale  
That hath a close as sweet as this!

S. M.

—*Temple Bar*.

## CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

WREATHED on the wall at our white-haired Dean's  
Evergreens glisten—bright evergreens!  
Evergreens clustering side by side;  
Evergreens welcoming Christmas-tide.

In the mellow warmth of the firelight glow  
The silver gems of the mistletoe,  
And the long dark leaves of the bay beneath,  
Twine Glory's emblem with Love's own wreath.

The ivy—Queen of the evergreens all—  
Her berries black, droopeth on the wall;  
Ivy—type of the pure sweet light  
True friendship sheds on the darkest night.

Shineth the poet's laurel fair,  
Not least of the evergreens clustering there;  
The holly noddeth his stately head,  
Kindly old friend with his berries red.

The pendent yew hath her own snug place,  
She fills with a diffident, shrinking grace;  
Laurestinus mingles her pink-white bloom,  
Shading the cornice in partial gloom.

The drawn red curtains, cosy and warm,  
Shut out from our gaze the white snow-storm.  
Let us give to the far less blessed to-night  
A cheery word and a heart-smile bright.

Let us wreath in the lore of our hearts' warm  
glow  
Life's ivy, life's bay, and life's mistletoe;  
Kind thoughts, kind hearts, kind words, kind  
deeds—  
For our brother man and his many needs.

Let us *all* join hands: for the rich and poor,  
God's angels knock at every door.  
In *your* home, in *mine*, as well as the Dean's—  
May blossom Life's *real* glad Evergreens!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

—*Fraser's Magazine*.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *English Traits*. By R. W. Emerson. London, 1856.
2. *The Conduct of Life*. By R. W. Emerson. 1860.
3. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. By O. W. Holmes. London, 1861.
4. *Our Old Home*. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London, 1863.

At first sight it appears exceedingly strange that three races, like the English, Irish, and French, dwelling so near each other, with no vast difference of country or conditions of climate, yet divided so distinctly at the heart of their national character, with the unlikeness so sharply defined in the national features, should ever have had the same Eastern origin, the same childhood in one family, and slept unconsciously in the same cradle of the Aryan races. We find it difficult to quote the natural laws of such a change; it has a look of the miraculous. We fancy the unlikeness could not have been much greater if it had come straight from the hand of the Creator. Yet we have only to turn to America, and we shall see a change of race in progress such as is likely to result in a transformation quite as complete.

Mr. Emerson incidentally remarks that the American is only the continuation of the English genius under other conditions, more or less propitious. This difference of conditions, however, may make a world of difference in the outcome, as the French physiologist is said to have discovered when he shut up his tadpoles under water, where the usual influence of light could not operate on them, and found that they did not develop legs and arms and grow into frogs; their continuation lay in lengthening their tails and swelling into enormous tadpoles! The continuation theory is a favorite fallacy of the Yankee mind. By aid of it they have presumed to stand upon a platform of our past, and "talk tall talk" of their grander future, assuring themselves that America contained all England *plus* the New World, and that they started yonder just where the national life left off here! Alas! the English genius and character did not emigrate intact; and when the branch race was torn from the ancient tree, it was certain to lose much of its best life-sap. Then it had to be replanted in a soil not enriched and humanized, through ages of time, with the ripe sheddings of a fruitful national life, and had to grow as best it could in an

atmosphere that lacked the nourishment and vital breath of English air. The American poet Holmes sets the old tree and the old soil in a compact picture for his countrymen:—

"Hugged in the clinging billows' clasp,  
From seaweed fringe to mountain-heather,  
The British oak with rooted grasp  
Her slender handful holds together;  
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,  
And ocean narrowing to caress her,  
And hills and threaded streams between,  
Our little Mother Isle, God bless her!

"Beneath each swinging forest bough  
Some arm as stout in death reposes—  
From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed brow  
Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;  
Nay, let our brothers of the West  
Write smiling in their florid pages,  
One-half her soil has walked the rest  
In Poets, Heroes, Martyrs, Sages."

For two thousand years has the English race been taking root, and, by innumerable fibres, clutching hold of the land as with living fingers. During a great part of that time Nature has worked invisibly at the bases of the national character, toiling on in her quiet, patient way, through storm or silence, to produce the visible result at last.

The English is a race, with an internal nature, so to speak, large as is the external nature of the American continent. How could they possibly continue the genius there which had here its birthplace and home? In literature, for example, they were not in the least likely to make their starting-point the place where Milton and Bacon and Shakespeare had ended. What literature they have has certainly sprung mainly from the old soil that still clung to the roots of the national life when it was taken up for transplanting, and to this day it breathes more of the English earth than of the Yankee soil, but it shows no continuation of the English genius. Their new conditions have developed a new character; any likeness to us that they may have once had has faded away.

In one sense alone could there be any approach to a continuation; this was in the prodigious advantages they possessed in all material means at the beginning. To a great extent they were able to build their immediate success on foundations which we had laid for them. Our experience of ages *did* supply them with tools to their hand, and they stepped into all our command of the physical forces of nature easily as into ready-made clothing. In this respect they found the

royal road to empire, and almost started with steam in their race of a national life. They have had a splendid run. Prosperity has been sudden as some spontaneous growth of the land, enriching human labor at a miraculous rate of interest. But the success has not the sweetness of ours; they have *come into* their good fortune; ours was earned hardly by long centuries of toil and painful victory. Our institutions have grown like the shell and shield of the nation's inner life, shaped by it and colored with it; theirs have been cast, and the national character has had to conform as best it might. The largeness of their territory has passed into their language, but it has not passed into the human nature. This idea of material size has completely tyrannized over the Yankee mind, and dwarfed some of its better qualities. We have no hesitation in asserting, that to the New Englander the greatest thing done by the English—the high-water mark of all our achievements—is London! No act of national heroism, no lofty nobleness of character, no work in our literature, no moral sublimity in our history, affects and overpowers the Yankee mind as does the enormous size, the omnipresent magnitude of London. It is the only English thing in the presence of which their assertive nature is lost in astonishment, and cannot even make a disparaging comparison—these miles on miles of human habitations, and this roaring Niagara of multitudinous human life. But they are now in a court of trial for nations, where size of country, length of land, breadth of waters, and height of mountains will not count for much, if greatness of soul be wanting. One human spirit dilating to its full stature may be of far more avail. Shakspeare knew that by the greatness of soul, rather than by the size of country, are nations great and precious, when he sang of England as—

"This land of such *dear souls*, this dear, dear land."

Again, the American national life has been spent chiefly on the surface, in a fury of material activity or the loud raging of political strife, which stuns and kills in the egg that more delicate spirit of thought waiting for birth, and dimly dreaming of a life to come. They have never produced any considerable class of men who dwell apart high on the mountains, breathe a pure air and send down an influence as of healing waters to run

through the valleys and plains, sweetening and enriching the lower life of the nation, and making it green and fruitful. These are the men who in England constitute the party of humanity, and hold the high places and the towers of defence against any encroachment of tyranny, whether of Individuals or Mobs. Whatever fights take place, or party is overthrown in the political arena, the life and liberty of the nation are safe so long as these high places are held by such as hold them with us.

Perhaps it is natural for youth to boast when it first puts on the armor for the battle of life, individual or national. The sense of power, and the will to perform, are so strong within it. The sword glitters so pleasantly to the young eyes—feels so satisfying to the grasp—so sharp to the touch. Then we have a tendency to vaunt. We are stiller when we return from victory at the close of some day of Marathon or Waterloo, with dints on the armor, scars on the limbs, and a great work done. We are quieter now. We have left our sting behind. Possibly we might fairly boast a little as we think of one good stroke in the thick of the fight—one rallying effort that helped to turn the tide of battle; but we do not boast now; we have wrung the strength and pride out of great obstacles: we let our deeds speak for us. They may take the armor and hang it up to brighten other eyes. They may tell the story to tingle in other ears. Our boasting days are done.

The New Englanders, on the other hand, flushed with prosperity, and fond of approbation, are boastful and at the same time nervously sensitive to criticism. We are aware of instances in which an honest English criticism—not harsh, but not sufficiently flattering—has proved fatal to the friendly feeling of American authors, who cannot stand that which English writers put up with and live down every day. One cause of poor Edgar Poe's Ishmaelitic life amongst his fellow-authors was his love of playing upon this national weakness. He found they could not swallow criticism when spoken ever so kindly, and so he gave it to them bitterly. And, as they had been long accustomed to nothing stronger than a gentle tickling of each other's thin-skinnedness, they yelled when his lash fell on them with its hearty smack, and they turned on him instinctively.



Most people have noticed how Nature, at certain whimsical moments, will mould human faces, features, expressions, so queerly comical and quaintly absurd that all the attempts of caricature fail to match them. Leech, Doyle, and Cruikshank are outdone any day in the streets of London. In a similar manner we find there is nothing like Nature for doing justice to our American friends, and only American nature can give them adequate representation. When Mr. Dickens drew the sketches of Yankee character in his "Martin Chuzzlewit," they were assailed in America as gross caricatures, and enjoyed in England as pictures very pleasant to laugh at, if not exactly to be believed in. Since then we have learned that the Americans *do* produce such characters, and perform such things as cannot be caricatured. The work of the novelist does not come near enough to that of Nature in quite another direction. We have heard a whole nation telling the wide world that they "must be cracked up," in just such an attitude as though Hannibal Chollop had been their model. The two reporters of the *Water-toast Gazette*, who described Martin Chuzzlewit, and took him, the one below the waistcoat, the other above, were eclipsed by the reporters that attended the Prince of Wales on his American tour. The Young Columbians who harangued the *Water-toast* Sympathizers; General Choke, La Fayette, Kettle, and Jefferson Brick, have reached their summit of the vulgar sublime in the *New York Herald*. It does not appear probable at first sight that any human being should use the greeting of General Fladdock to his friends, the Norrises—"And do I then once again behold the choicest spirits of my country?" Yet we have it on reliable authority that when a certain American was introduced to the poet Longfellow, he struck an attitude, exclaiming, "And is it possible that I stand in the presence of the illustrious Mr. Longfellow?" In Walt Whitman, a "Rough," a "Kosmos," as he delights to call himself, America has given a living embodiment to that description of Elijah Pogram's:—

"A model man, quite fresh from Nature's mould. A true-born child of this free hemisphere! verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral Licks; unspiled by withering conventionalisms as air our broad and boundless Perearers!

Rough he may be. So air our Barrs. Wild he may be. So air our Baffalers. But he is a child of Natur' and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is that his bright home is in the settin' sun."

The New Englanders have many excellences and many faults, both wholly unlike our own. Of course there is a small minority amongst them who see how the American institutions give the greatest chance for all that is big and blatant to usurp attention; but it is difficult to catch the quiet voice of their protest. They feel sad to know that the worst American characteristics should so often be accepted as sole representatives to the world. They trust that somehow or other the power may yet be evolved which shall work up and refine the raw material in which America abounds. We take Mr. Emerson to be the exponent of the thoughts and feelings of this minority. We fancy that but comparatively few of his countrymen will follow him up into his serener range of vision. Still, he is very popular as a lecturer in the New England States, especially with the thinking portion of their women, which affords one of the pleasantest specimens of the Yankee character.

Carlyle praises Mr. Emerson because, in such a never-resting locomotive country, he is one of those rare men who have the invaluable talent of sitting still. But he has not sat still with his eyes shut, nor merely looked on things with that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." Whether he turns his eyes abroad or fixes them on what passes around him at home, he can now and again send a glance right to the heart of the matter. Looking across the dreary flats of the American multitude, we see him as a man in their midst of pronounced individuality, with force to resist the tyranny of the majority—with moral courage and mental vigor enough to withstand the pressure of the crowd. Although sitting, he seems to us a head and shoulders above the rest, and we think that what he says of his countrymen, as of us, is worth listening to. He bears strong testimony that the populations of the large cities of America are godless and materialized. Observing the habit of expense, the riot of the senses, the absence of bonds, clanship, fellow-feeling of all kinds, in the hotel life of the large Atlantic cities, he fears that

when man or woman is driven to the wall the chances of integrity and virtue are frightfully diminished; they are becoming a luxury which few can afford. Pretension, he tells us, is the special foible of American youth, and there is a restlessness in them which argues want of character. They run away to other countries because they are not good in their own, and then hurry back because they pass for nothing in the new places. An eminent teacher of girls said, "The idea of a girl's education with us is, whatever qualifies them for going to Europe;" and for the consolation of those who are unable to travel, Holmes wittily promises that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

Mr. Emerson tells us emphatically that the education is universal, but the "culture is superficial." He perceives that the value of education must be tested by its power of fostering and bringing forth the elements of individuality; that the strength of the national character and the reserve force of Race depend on the hidden amount of individuality there may be hoarded in the land. To this wealth secreted by nature, often in strange ways and unexpected places, we have to look when our resources are most drawn upon and there is a run on the national strength. When all our methods of culture may fail, this will give us the right man, the hero, who steps forth and does his work, and seems a gift direct from God. Mr. Emerson admits that one Alfred, one Shakspeare, one Milton, one Sidney, one Raleigh, one Wellington, is preferable to a million foolish democrats, and reminds his readers that our communications with the Infinite must be personal; Heaven does not deal with humanity, or save souls "in bundles."

It is our present purpose, however, more particularly to examine what the New Englanders have to say of the Old Home. Mr. Emerson goes deepest into the biography of our national character, as written in the history of our great Englishmen, and shows a closer acquaintance with the spirit of the race, as it lives in our literature. Mr. Hawthorne is a much shallower observer of appearances, and seldom goes beneath the surface of things except in the expression of his own ill-feeling. Mr. Emerson is fair in his judgments and frank in his statements. He looks at the old land with clear, honest eyes, and is ungrudging in his praise as fearless in

his blame. His spirit is large and magnanimous, but it has not got into the style of his writing. The sentences in "English Traits" are crisp to crackling; yet the book is the best that has been written on its subject. Mr. Emerson says it would take a hundred years to see England well. He has evidently found that, to know the English character well, you must study it for at least a thousand years back. He tells us that he was given to understand in his childhood that the British Island, from which his forefathers came, was "no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music, and merriment all the year round, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open air but robust men and virtuous women, and these of a wonderful fibre and endurance; that their best parts were slowly revealed; their virtues did not come out until they quarrelled; they did not strike twelve the first time: good lovers, good haters, and you could know little about them till you had seen them long, and little good of them till you had seen them in action; that in prosperity they were moody and dumpish, but in adversity they were grand."

Mr. Emerson's observations of England and the English lead him to the conclusion that England is the best of actual nations. He finds the country anchored at the side of Europe—the very heart of the modern world. For a shop-keeping nation it has the finest position, the best stand on the planet. Resembling a ship in shape, the most patriotic of admirals could not have worked it into a more fortuitous place, or anchored it more judiciously for commanding the watery highways and the markets of the world. The sea, which Virgil thought encircled and shut up the poor remote Britons from the rest of the human family, has proved to be their ring of marriage with all nations, and the largeness of its horizon has somehow entered into the life of this little island. England is a model world on a convenient scale, containing a miniature of Europe and a pocket Switzerland, a soil of singular perfection, land and waters abounding with plenty. The place is small, especially to the Yankee mind, fearful of traversing it at full stride, lest it should overstep the white chalk cliffs; but there is no bit of earth so closely packed with every kind of wealth. Below the surface it is so crammed with the life of the past—every step

of it, holding you to read its pages in the history of art or humanity—and above it is crowded with the works of the past and the life of the present. To Mr. Emerson's eyes the island presents a little bit of Nature's most felicitous work in conception, left as a sketch, which has been finished like a perfect picture by the hand of man. Originally the place was a prize for the strongest—a fit home of hardy workers and heroic fighters, for the best men to win: an island, whose chief enchantments were barren shingle, rough weather, and cloudy skies. Yet many races came to contend for it, and beat all the weakness out of each other, and leave to it at last the legacy of their welded strength. Here the widest extremes have met, and the fiercest antagonisms have clenched hands. The mixture of a wide range of nationalities has produced a race that is nobler than any one of those which have gone to the making of it. The Briton in the blood still hugs the homestead; the Scandinavian listens to the murmurs of the mighty mother, the ocean. The one spirit yearns wistfully across the blue waters, with eyes that sparkle for adventure, whilst it is shut up on shore; the other, when abroad, still turns with eyes of longing and heart that aches with home-sickness to the little island lying far away. Mr. Emerson thinks great advantages, in the matter of race, have been given to the English, as well as in their geographical stand-point. But they have toiled honestly to win their present position as the most successful people for the last millennium. Their passion for utility and their practical common sense have given them the throne of the modern world. The Russian in his snows is aiming to be English; the Turk and the Chinese are also making awkward efforts in the same direction. Those who resist this influence neither feel it nor obey it any the less. The English, Mr. Emerson says, are free, forcible men, in a country where life is safe and has reached its greatest value. They give the bias to the current age, not by chance, or by mass, but by their character and by the number of individuals among them of personal ability. They have supreme endurance in labor and in war. Their success is not sudden or fortunate, but they have maintained constancy for ages. Their sense of superiority is founded on their habit of victory.

The nation, he says, has yet a tough, acrid animal nature, which centuries of civilizing

have not been able to sweeten. The smoothness of following ages has not quite effaced the stamp of Odin. Dear to the English heart is a fair, stand-up fight, and a set-to in the streets will always delight the passers-by. They love fair play, open fighting, a clear deck, and want no favor. The English game, he avers, is main force to main force—the planting of foot to foot, a rough tug and no dodging. They hate all craft and subtlety; and when they have pounded each other to a poultice, they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives. They have extreme difficulty to run away, and will die game: all fight well, from the costermongers, who learn to "work their fists" in the streets, up to the young "puppies," who "fought well" at Waterloo. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, on any desperate service that has daylight and honor in it. But, with all this rough force and supreme "pluck," the race, unlike the Roman, is tender as well as stout of heart—"as mild as it is game, and game as it is mild:"—

"The English," Mr. Emerson says, "do not wear their heart on their sleeve for daws to peck at. They hide virtues under vices, or the semblance of them. It is the misshapen, hairy Scandinavian Troll again, who lifts the cart out of the mire, or 'threshes the corn that ten day-laborers could not end,' but it is done in the dark, and with a muttered malediction. He is a churl with a soft place in his heart, whose speech is a brash of bitter waters, but who loves to help you at a pinch. He says no, and serves you, and your thanks disgust him. There was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch with the laugh left out; rich by his own industry, sulking in a lonely house, who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained all courtesies, yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and color as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countryman creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English Art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of summer cities and skies; making an era in painting; and when he saw that the splendor of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own."

No people, Mr. Emerson thinks, have so much thoroughness: they clinch every nail they drive. They have no running for luck—

no immoderate speed. Conscious that no better race of men exists, they rely most on the simplest means in war, business, and mechanics. They do not put too fine a point on matters, but concentrate the expense and the labor in the right place. They are bound to see their measure carried, and will stick to it through ages of defeat. Private persons will exhibit in scientific and antiquarian researches the very same pertinacity as the nation showed in the coalitions in which it yoked Europe together against the empire of Buonaparte, and fought on through failure after failure until it conquered at last.

Mr. Emerson finds the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves, he says, what they value in their horses—mettle and bottom. Their practical power rests on their national sincerity, and their sincerity and veracity appear to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it. They dare to displease, and require you to be of your own opinion! They will not have to do with a man in a mask; let them know the whole truth. Say what you mean. Be what you are. Draw the line straight, hit whom and where you may. The Englishman's eye looks full into the face of things, and he grips his weapon or tool by the handle. He has a supreme eye to facts, a bias toward utility, and a logic that brings salt to soup, hammer to nail, oar to boat; the logic of cooks, carpenters, and chemists, following the sequence of nature, and one on which words make no impression. Mr. Emerson considers the unconditional surrender of the English mind to facts, and the choice of means to reach their ends, are as admirable as with ants and bees. Yet with this one-eyed logic of a Cyclopaean kind of character he admits that the English have a spirit of singular fairness, a belief in the existence of two sides, and a resolution to see fair play. There is an appeal from the assertion of the parties to the proof of what is asserted. The whole universe of Englishmen will suspend their judgment until a trial can be had. He also says there is an English hero superior to the French, the German, the Italian, or the Greek:—

"The national temper in the civil history is not flashy or whiffling. The slow deep English mass smoulders with fire, which at last sets all its borders in flame. The wrath

of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and in its hottest heat a register and a rule. Half of their strength they put not forth. They never let out all the length of their reins. But they are capable of a sublime resolution; and if, hereafter, the war of races, often predicted and making itself a war of opinion also (a question of despotism and liberty coming from Eastern Europe), should menace the English civilization, these sea-kings may take once again to their floating castles, and find a new home and a second millennium of power in their colonies. Whoever would see the uncoiling of that tremendous spring, the explosion of their well-husbanded forces, must follow the swarms which, pouring now for two hundred years from the British Islands, have sailed and traded and fought and colonized through all climates round the globe."

One great secret of the English power Mr. Emerson perceives lies in the mutual good understanding of the race. Difference of rank does not divide the national heart. An electric touch by any of our national ideas will melt us all into one family. This we have proved on many a hard-fought field, where peer and peasant have stood shoulder to shoulder, and fallen side by side. "English believes in English. They have trust in each other. The very felons have pride in one another's English stanchness. The people are more bound in character than differenced in ability and rank."

Mr. Emerson delights in the English plainness of speech and dress. An Englishman, he remarks, understates and avoids the superlative, "checks himself in compliment, alleging that in the French language one cannot speak without lying." Pretension and vamping are always distasteful. "They keep to the other extreme of low tone in voice, dress, and manners. They hate pretence and nonsense and sentimentalism. Plain, rich clothes and equipage, with plain, rich finish, mark the English truth. Where ornaments are worn, they must be gems. They dislike everything theatrical in public life, and anything showy in private. They have no French taste for a badge. The Lord dresses a little worse than the Commoner; but the best dress with them is that which is the most difficult to remember or describe."

The upper classes have only birth, say the people across the water. Mr. Emerson replies, Yes, but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into man-



ners; power of any kind readily appears in the manners, and beneficent power gives a majesty which cannot be concealed or resisted. The superior education of the nobles recommends them to the country. They are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company; have seen every secret of art and Nature. They have the sense of superiority, with the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes; a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings. Besides, these are they who make England that strong-box and museum it is; who gather and protect works of art, dragged from amidst burning cities and revolutionary countries, and brought hither out of all the world. These lords, says Mr. Emerson, are the treasurers and librarians of mankind, engaged by their pride and wealth to this function; and he pardoned high park-fences, when he found that besides does and pheasants, these have preserved Arundel marbles, Townley galleries, Howard and Spenserian libraries, Warwick and Portland vases, Saxon manuscripts, monastic architecture, millennial trees, and breeds of cattle elsewhere extinct. Mr. Emerson holds that some men are born to own, and can animate their possessions. Others cannot; their owning is not graceful. They seem to steal their own dividends. Those should own, who can administer; not they who hoard and conceal. And he is the rich man in whom the people are rich; whilst he is the poor man in whom the people are poor. He also perceives, rightly enough, that the English aristocracy strengthen their hold on the national heart by making the private life their place of honor. Domesticity is the tap-root which enables the nation to branch wide and high; and this the nobility, the county-families, carefully cultivate. They do not give up their country tastes to a town life, nor are their rural predilections absorbed even by a life spent in the service of the State. They like to live on their own lands, amongst their people, and they wisely and frequently exchange the crowds that are not company, and the talk that is but a tinkling cymbal, for intercourse with out-of-door nature, the bursting of blossoms, the singing of birds, the wav-

ing of wheat, the breath of the heather, and the smell of the turnips. They seek to renew life at the springs of health, which gives a fresh bloom to the fireside humanities. The love and labor of generations are spent on the building, planting, and decorating their homesteads, and the world has been ransacked to enrich them.

Surveying the England of to-day, Mr. Emerson is ready, like the rest of us, to undervalue the Present. This has always been a common failing, or an uncommon virtue, of human nature. The greatest periods of our history, which to us seem filled with divine heat and a plenitude of power, have been spoken lightly of by some that lived in them. Mr. Emerson thinks no "sublime augury" cheers the student of our current literature—no greatness, unless perhaps in our criticism, which often bespeaks the "presence of the invisible gods." Meanwhile, he knows there is always a retrieving power in the English race. He can see but little life in the Church of England (he wrote some eight or nine years ago); but he admits it "has many certificates to show of humble, effective service in humanizing the people, in cheering and refining men—feeding, healing, educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors; the noblest books; a sublime architecture; a ritual marked by the same secular merits, nothing cheap or purchasable." And he holds that, "if religion be the doing of all good, and for its sake the suffering of all evil, — *souffrir de tout le monde et faire souffrir personne*,—that divine secret has existed in England from the days of Alfred to those of Romilly, of Clarkson, and of Florence Nightingale, and in thousands who have no fame."

Mr. Emerson is wrong in supposing that the English husband has a right to lead the wife to market for sale. He likewise dwells too strongly perhaps on the fleshly side of the national character—our love of good feeding and drinking; dips us rather too deep in beer and flesh-pots, and lays too much stress on the coarseness of our logic, and the materiality of our success. "No people have true common sense but those who are born in England," said Montesquieu. But the English common sense is not limited merely to what we call doing well in the world. It is not confined to drudgery or going to market. It has no dread of singularity, and is not nonplussed by finding itself in novel positions.



In short, the total of English common sense contains something that is lacking in the common sense of other nations. It is that sort of common sense which is compatible with the greatest imagination; so that the work of the one looks like the result of the other inspired and transfigured. Mr. Emerson has a lurking misgiving that the English are not equally good at making the fine up-stroke with their firm down-stroke, and are wanting in the lively spirit and sparkle of fancy. But we would remind him that fancy is a much lower mental faculty, with all its brilliant quickness, than that imagination which, in its simple sublimity, is apt to look like common sense, and a homely force for every-day work. Fancy catches the light with its spectrum, and breaks it into colors. Imagination sees things in the plain, pure, unbroken light. Fancy plays with illusions, and dallies with likenesses. Imagination does not care to tell us what things are like; it announces facts as they are, or uses its metaphor by Identification and not as a Comparison. The greatest Imagination is the greatest Realist in the high ranges, just as Common Sense is in the lowest. Indeed, if rightly considered, the loftiest "Ideal" (we use this word with reluctance) is to the great Imagination only the utmost Real.

Again, Mr. Emerson sees the value of English Individuality, but does not point out that, whilst we produce the most robust specimens of individuality under the sun, and the largest number of men who dare to be in a minority of one, think just as they like, and say what they think, even as their forefathers have been doing for hundreds of years, yet this force, so independent in the individual, is kept well in hand by an essentially law-abiding, law-loving spirit. It seldom breaks out at the wrong time, or in the wrong way. The strong feeling of Nationality gathers it up, and guides it for the good and glory of the country. It can all be repressed within the necessary bounds when England needs, as a man will draw back a step to strike a fuller blow. And it is this repression of so much individuality within the bounds of law that puts so much reserved power into the national character, and gives to its motions the perfect harmony of restrained strength. It is perfectly true that we have put more of this individuality into literature than any other people has done;

we possess more of it in common life than any other nation; and more of it goes to the making of the English than any other race. But our pre-eminence amongst races and nations lies chiefly in the fact that these bristling and startling individualities, which keep strangers at a distance, can be all turned in one direction when the foe is in front; and the nation of oddities will march into battle as evenly, and with the oneness of the Macedonian Phalanx; and though the rear-rank man could step into a leader's place at a pinch, yet we can keep each man his position, ruled by a stronger power than ever held the Greek or Roman shields together.

Mr. Emerson can see that the English are a people of a myriad personalities, and cannot be represented by the popular figures of John Bull and John's bull-dog. He admits that, after all, what is said about a nation is a superficial dealing with symptoms. "We cannot go deep enough into the biography of the spirit who never throws himself entire into one hero, but delegates his energy in parts. The wealth of the source is seen in the plenitude of English nature. What variety of power and talent; what facility and plenteousness of knighthood, lordship, ladyship, royalty, loyalty; what a proud chivalry is indicated in Collins's Peerage, through eight hundred years! What dignity resting on what reality and stoutness! What courage in war, with sinew in labor, what cunning workmen, what inventors, engineers, seamen, pilots, clerks, and scholars! No one man, and no few men, can represent them." Mr. Hawthorne, on the other hand, only believes in one John Bull—the popular embodiment of beef and beer; the bluff, hearty yeoman, with no possible refinement whatever; the Falstaff-like mountain of a man, who puts all his weight into his tread—especially if a Yankee's tender toes happen to be in the way; with his stomach full of meat, and pockets full of money; his face in a ruddy glow, like a round, red harvest-moon, except when mottled, double-chinned, and treble-chinned. This is his image of the genuine Englishman; and he is sadly oppressed by the weight and size of it. That which does not come up, or swell out, to these proportions is not English in his estimation. It is too "refined," and more properly belongs to the American nation. Thus he finds that the sailor-darling of the English people, Nelson, was no repre-

representative of ours, because he had none of the ponderous respectability, the gross physique, which are to Mr. Hawthorne the sole sign and symbol of English nationality. Nelson was delicately organized as a woman, and as painfully sensitive as a poet; moreover, he had genius which no Englishman it seems ever possessed, unless he was morbid and maimed, "as we may satisfy ourselves by running over the list of their poets, for example, and observing how many of them have been sickly or deformed, and how often their lives have been darkened by insanity." The reader will be sure to see how great is the truth of observation here, and how apposite the illustration. It is well known that genius never did break out in our race, except as the result of disease! Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, George Chapman and Walter Scott were remarkably morbid men. Whilst Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and many other of our great poets, were undoubtedly insane. Nelson, Mr. Hawthorne says, won the love and admiration of his country through the efficacy of qualities that are not English. Precisely so. It never was an English quality to bring your ship close alongside that of the enemy, and there live or there die—one must go down before we part! Nor did Nelson understand the national nature in the least when he made his famous appeal to the sentiment of duty. He did not belong to us; and he was so successful because so eminently un-English! Let us see what Mr. Emerson says on this head:—

"The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness. Nelson, dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord Collingwood, and, like an innocent schoolboy that goes to bed, says, 'Kiss me, Hardy,' and turns to sleep. Lord Collingwood, his comrade, was of a nature the most affectionate and domestic. And, Sir James Parry said, the other day, of Sir John Franklin, that, if he found Wellington Sound open, he explored it; for he was a man who never turned his back on a danger, yet of that tenderness that he would not brush away a musquito."

But Mr. Hawthorne cannot see the relationship of Nelson to our race because he was not a big John Bull kind of man, with a robust personal vigor, and unpolishably rugged. Nor does he appear to know that this island has produced many of the most delicate, yet perfectly healthy, natures that ever breathed

an aroma of womanly sweetness into literature—such as Philip Sidney, George Herbert, and Spenser, whom we take at random, as diverse illustrations of a far different sort of Englishmen.

Mr. Hawthorne is blind to the fact that John Bull's stoutness lies in the spirit as well as in corporal substance, and that Nelson, with his small stature and slender form, is as much an Englishman in spirit as though he had weighed twenty stone; whilst the slender body of Shelley contained as much English "pluck" as did the large bulk of Dr. Johnson. The truth is that no greater fallacy obtains than this respecting the typical Englishman. Not that we wish for a moment to repudiate John Bull, or deny that Mr. Punch's portraits have the stamp of authenticity. We admit the groundwork of the character: let others build as they may upon it! We rejoice in John, with his sturdy spirit magnificently lodged in plenty of flesh. We like to see his face across the dinner-table, purple with port, it may be; or meet him in the farmyard, when the increase of the year has gently swelled his sense of self-importance, and his genial smile is an illumination of contentedness. We like the humor of the thing, and are not concerned to point out that the sum-total of the English character is not included in the one picture. The type represents certain elements of the national strength, and it answers to the requirements of the popular imagination, which expects and demands that all greatness shall have large physical embodiment. But few of our great Englishmen have really been formed in this mould. Ben Jonson and Henry VIII. would almost stand alone. On the other hand, what a number we might name of Englishmen, true as ever breathed, who were neither of massive form nor heroic height of stature, and whose greatness could not be measured by their girth,—from Francis Drake to Nelson, from Milton and Newton to William Pitt! Let us not be misunderstood. We are not growing ashamed of our own flesh and blood because Mr. Hawthorne has fallen into an error. We do not see that souls fatten with our American cousins from the body's leanness, and we trust that John Bull may flourish long and his shadow never grow less. It is what Oxford men term the "beefiness of the fellow" which has turned the scale of victory in his favor; enabled

him to give the winning stroke with oar or sword in many a close tug of contest; and when he has thrown his enemy in some last deadly wrestle, he has fallen on him with double weight. Those observers, however, who persist in seeing only the coarse, earthy outside of John Bull are not likely to do justice to that inner sanctuary of the English nature, where the gentler virtues nestle in dim, shy nooks, and the tender undergrowths of home feelings and kindly affections are nurtured and protected by the surrounding strength, or they might possibly see how many springs of secret sweetness tend to humanize and spiritualize the ponderous nature of the massive man.

We are charged with being dumb and sombre, gross and taciturn; each man a living image of our geographical isolation. But this uninviting exterior shields and shelters much delicate inner life, and gives it privacy. This kind of character affords quiet for the mind to brood in, and sufficient depth of soil to grow the choicest fruits. English nature likes to dwell inside of good thick walls, that are not easily overlooked, and cannot bear such as are transparent to the public gaze. It loves a privacy shady and sacred, and rather prefers to grow prickly externally, for protection. We are generally shy and shut-up with one another, and particularly so with strangers. Those, therefore, who judge the Englishman and the English race from the outside will do about as much justice as we should to Shakspeare if we could ignore his works, with all their imagery of his inner life, and remember only the fact that he made all the money he could in London, and then went back to Stratford to try and make more. What a genuine John Bull he would have been! The race which has produced Shakspeare—and he is our sole adequate representative man—may at least fairly claim to possess as great a range and variety of character as can be found in his works. But Mr. Hawthorne is not favorably endowed or fitted to enter the English nature; he acknowledges only one type, and that, to him, a repulsive one.

He also thinks us a one-eyed people, and the secret of our success is to be found in our way of shutting the other, so as to get the most distinct and decided view. In this manner, we achieve magnificent triumphs without seeing half the obstacles and difficulties

which lie in the way—if we would only keep both eyes open. He says if General McClellan could but have shut his left eye, the right one would long ago have guided his army into Richmond. But it appears the Yankee mind cannot thus stultify itself, it is so very wide-awake; nor could it condescend to stumble into victory; it must see the way clear, with both eyes open, before it would take advantage of fortune.

It is interesting to know the kind of man that he did like, not to say fell in love with. Poor Leigh Hunt, with his southern weakness of fibre and his amiable simplicities of character, he found quite delightful. He was a beautiful and venerable old man—more soft and agreeable in manners than any other Englishman whom Mr. Hawthorne met. Exceedingly appreciative of American praise, which he received with face quietly alive, and gentle murmurs of satisfaction and continual folding of hands! But “there was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically. Beef, ale, or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his composition.” His person and manners were thoroughly American, and of the best type.” We are glad Mr. Hawthorne perceived that this was not the sort of stuff out of which Englishmen are usually made, nor the pattern according to which they are cut. This was a man whom the Yankee could patronize. Now, John Bull cannot stand patronage, either greasy or grim; he will not have it. Mr. Hawthorne would patronize us if he could; if we would only allow it. “An American,” he says, “is not very apt to love the English people, as a whole, on whatever length of acquaintance. I fancy they would value our regard, and even reciprocate it in their ungracious way, if we could give it to them in spite of all rebuffs.” But the national character is not so easily got over as was Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Hawthorne is almost as much oppressed in mind with what he elegantly terms the “female Bull” as he is with the male. The only figure, he tells us, that comes fairly forth to his mind’s eye out of his life at Leamington is “that of a dowager, one of hundreds whom I used to marvel at in England, who had an awful ponderosity of frame; not pulpy, like the loose development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though strug-

gling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins!" We confess never to have thought of this when we have looked on those rubicund old English ladies, so light of heart that they can carry their external weight with jovial impunity and occupy their proper share of space, like an overflow of satisfaction; with their eminently delightful old faces, and cheeks like the summer jenneting and more than its sweetness in their smile. On seeing such women, and the young-eyed spirit yet looking out in spite of age, we have thought of motherhood in its mellowest aspect: we may have marvelled where the violet nature of the slender girl had gone, but we never contemplated the jolliest, most solid old dame from the cannibal point of view! But Mr. Hawthorne, in his ineffable coarseness, cannot even look on the budding beauty of English girlhood, or the full flower of English womanhood, without speculating upon the quantity of "clay" that makes up the human form. He cannot get rid of the idea that Bull is made of beef, and accordingly "beef" enters into all his calculations, although he sometimes calls it "clay." He admits being driven to acknowledge that English ladies, "looked at from a lower point of view, were perhaps a little finer animals" than the American women; but "it would be a pitiful bargain to give up the ethereal charm of American beauty in exchange for half a hundred-weight of human clay."

If nature refuses to go beyond a pallid brier-rose kind of beauty, a lily-like delicacy of grace, and cannot produce the fuller bosom and riper tint, by all means let our friends set up their lily ideal of womanhood for home admiration, and stick the faint wild-rose symbol in the national button-hole. Tastes differ, and we are not so "refined" in ours. We like to see how victorious a thing is the force of beauty in the full glory of physical health. We do not despise the roses that bloom all the winter through, even though an American taste be apt to deem the deep healthy bloom "fitter for a milkmaid than a lady." A Yankee may think that his "national paleness and lean habit of flesh" may give an advantage in an æsthetic point of view. We like to feel the radiating health, and to hear the ring of it in the voice.

Our English women, however, are not all of the ponderous size that—like America to

the Americans—they have to be embraced at twice. Nor are our types of feminine loveliness all of the buxom and blooming kind. We, too, have our white lilies of womanhood, with slim, tall figures, flowing shapes, and faces that have the Greek fineness of feature. If Mr. Hawthorne had noticed their delicacy of form and complexion, he might have completed his family picture by calling these the "veal of the female Bull." Moreover, the Yankees may pride themselves on their "refinement" and sparseness of flesh, and they may produce a race of men who shall lack the English sap, hue, and plumpness—men who shall be lean in look, lanky in limb, and lantern-jawed, without its following necessarily that these shall be flashing heroic little Nelsons; workers wiry and tenacious as Pitt; poets with the delicate nature of Keats, the champagne-sparkle of Præd, the pathetic wit of Hood, or the beauty of holiness that shines through the verse of Vaughan. The thinness worn by a soul too keen for its physical sheath, or the fire of genius making its lamp of the body diaphanous, may be a different sort of thing from the thinness produced by a desiccating climate.

We said that Mr. Hawthorne was a shallow observer. Here are one or two striking illustrations of our meaning. At Uttoxeter he asked a boy of some twelve years of age if he had ever heard of Dr. Johnson's penance in the Market-place, where he stood bareheaded in the rain. The boy had never heard of it. Whereupon Mr. Hawthorne remarks, "Just think of the absurd little town knowing nothing of the only memorable incident which ever happened within its boundaries since the old Britons built it!" And this because one little boy had not heard of the circumstance!

Again, in Greenwich Park, Mr. Hawthorne saw some of the London "unwashed" disporting themselves, and he infers a mighty difference betwixt the working-classes of England and America. He remarks, "Every man and woman on our side of the water has a working-day suit and a holiday suit, and is occasionally fresh as a rose; whereas in the good old country the griminess of his labor or squalid habits clings forever to the individual, and gets to be a part of his personal substance." These, he says, are broad (very broad of the mark) "facts, involving great corollaries and dependencies." An inference



this about on a par with that of the old gentleman who wrote a tract on the "Falling Sickness amongst the London Rooks!" At the Twelve Brethren of Leicester's Hospital, Mr. Hawthorne finds that a countryman of his had framed a bit of poor Amy Robsart's needlework in a carved piece of oak from Kenilworth Castle: and he says, "certainly, no Englishman would be capable of this little bit of enthusiasm." As if Englishmen had never done not only tenderly graceful acts, but the most seriously absurd things in their enthusiasm!

Nothing short of the most cheery nature could have had heart to smile into Mr. Hawthorne's bitter wintry face long enough to win a smile of approval in return. Once or twice, however, we catch a watery sunbeam there for a moment, even in the presence of English people. He was delighted to find there were women amongst us who by their dress acknowledged that they were poor, and thus had the grace of fitness which is not ashamed of being, like the daisy, one of the commonplaces of Nature. A kind of beauty this, he says, that will certainly never be found in America, where every girl tries to dress herself into somebody else. Also he remarks that in England people can grow old without the weary necessity of seeming younger than they are. "In old English towns Old Age comes forth more cheerfully and genially into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle, and irreverent energy of Youth are so preponderant that the poor forlorn grandsires begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silvery heads in solitude."

Mr. Hawthorne seems to have shared somewhat in the feeling common to New Englanders, of the higher culture and quieter nature, who tell us of their longings for the "Old Home," and their love of its special English features. We are acquainted with New Englanders in whom the Old Home feeling is at times inexpressibly strong. When their life has been more than usually moved down to the roots of it under the influence of a great sorrow, it has seemed as though they touched England at that depth, and they have experienced a "blind, pathetic tendency" to wander back to the old place once more. Having no wish to disparage their own country, they yet feel there is something

in English air and the tender sweetness of the green grass; the lark, singing in the blue sky overhead; our wild flowers, which seem as the affectionate diminutives used by Nature in her fondest speech; our field foot-paths that wander and shady lanes that loiter along their lines of beauty; the homesteads that nestle in the heart of rural life, and thatched cottages that peep on the wayfarer through their wreaths of honeysuckle and roses; our grand Gothic cathedrals, gray old Norman towers, and village church-spires; the long, rich grass that fattens round the old abbeys, which they cannot find in their own country. We have heard them say that the only real quiet life seems to be in England, and the only stillness sacred for the dead to rest in seems to lie under the mossy stone or daisied mound of an English country churchyard. Home is not easily extemporized on so vast a scale as is mapped out in America; and England alone, with her nestling nooks and old associations and brooding peace, satisfies the finer sense.\*

Mr. Hawthorne confesses that "However one's Yankee patriotism may struggle against the admission, it must be owned that the trees and other objects of an English landscape take hold of the observer by numberless minute tendrils, as it were, which, look as closely as we choose, we never find in an American scene. Visiting these famous localities, I hope that I do not compromise my American patriotism by acknowledging that I was often conscious of a fervent hereditary attachment to the native soil of our forefathers, and felt it to be our own 'Old Home.'" He thinks it a charming country on a very small scale, wherein Nature works with a pre-Raphaelite minuteness, much patient affection, and many tender "sympathies, her handiwork being inimitable about the trunks of our trees, a square foot of old wall, and a yard or two of dense green hedge; a sprig of ivy embroidering an old boundary-fence, or the mosses taking shape in the cut letters of a name on a tombstone and keeping some forgotten memory green. On the whole, we have no doubt that Mr. Hawthorne found England much too good for the English. For his part, he says, he used to wish they could

\* This feeling for the "Old Home" finds a frank and genuine expression in Mr. Elihu Burritt's forthcoming "Walk from Land's End to John O'Groats," if we may judge from a glance at the early sheets.



annex the island, "transferring the thirty millions of inhabitants to some convenient wilderness in the great West, and putting half or a quarter as many of ourselves into their places. The change would be beneficial to both parties. We, in our dry atmosphere, are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw"—unless, we presume, such an intermixture and amalgamation with our American cousins should take place. But our little island refuses all such patronage steadily as does the national character. Besides which, what does Mr. Hawthorne say of our picturesque foot-paths that go winding from stile to stile, and village to village, by green hedgerows and park-palings and gurgling brooks and lonely farmhouses; keeping from age to age their sacred right of way? "An American farmer would plough across such a path, and obliterate it with his hills of potatoes and Indian corn; but here it is protected by law, and still more by the sacredness that inevitably springs up in the soil along the well-defined footprints of centuries. Old associations are sure to be fragrant herbs in English nostrils; we pull them up as weeds." So that on the whole, perhaps, it were as well that we should not be ferried across the Atlantic just yet. We should like to love the island a little longer, and keep in sanctity many of its immemorial characteristics.

We find nothing whatever in Mr. Hawthorne's English experience to account for his acrimony. He has recorded no proof that either the country or the national character deserved the bitterness which he appears to have felt before he came hither, and with which he has gone grumbling home. He lets out that he seldom came into personal relations with an Englishman without beginning to like him, and feeling the favorable impression wax stronger with the progress of the acquaintance. Again, he confesses that an American in an English house will "soon adopt the opinion that the English are the very kindest people on the earth, and will retain the idea as long, at least, as he remains on the inner side of the threshold."

Once outside, Mr. Hawthorne opines that the magnetism which attracts within the magic line, becomes repellent to all beyond. It is very unfair, however, that because the Yankee contracts into the chilling consciousness of his national self when he gets outside the circle of genial warmth, welling humanity, and hearty hospitality, and begins remembering his prejudices, the English character should be held at fault, and charged with the blame. The "acid quality" which Mr. Hawthorne speaks of as being in the moral atmosphere of England, will, we fear, be found in his own nature. He met with friends most cordially kind, "dear friends, genial, outspoken, open-hearted Englishmen," who represented the national nature at its best, from the one who made his visit to Oxford so sunny in memory, to the young friend who "used to come and sit or stand by my fireside, talking vivaciously and eloquently with me about literature and life, his own national characteristics and mine, with such kindly endurance of the many rough republicanisms wherewith I assailed him, and such frank and amiable assertion of all sorts of English prejudices and mistakes, that I understood his countrymen infinitely the better for him, and was almost prepared to love the intensest Englishman of them all for his sake. Bright was the illumination of my dusky little apartment as often as he made his appearance there." Strengthened and encouraged by the potent spirit of bold John Barleycorn, Mr. Hawthorne felt it in his heart to say that "the climate of England has been shamefully maligned. Its sulkiness and asperities are not nearly so offensive as Englishmen tell us (their climate being the only attribute of their country which they never overvalue); and the really good summer weather is the very kindest and sweetest that the world knows." And, before he left England, he confesses that his taste had begun to deteriorate by acquaintance with the plumper modelling of female loveliness than it had been his "happiness to know at home," although he is firmly resolved to uphold as angels those American ladies who may be a trifle lacking as women. Whilst regarding the grace which it appears does at times veil our coarser "clay," he admits that "an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blo-

som, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood shaded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment." So that in his experience of English character and climate and home and its men and women, we find no warrant, we repeat, for the bitterness of Mr. Hawthorne's book. Yet, from one end to the other, it is steeped in vinegar and gall. Something of this may come from the great national calamity; the "Star, Wormwood" has fallen into the stream of American life, and turned it into blood for them, and bitterness for us. And our Yankee friends have exhibited on a national scale the same kind of character as that which flies at others, bent on distributing the misfortune that has befallen itself; such as is shown by the husband who thrashes his wife when his temper may have been crossed; or, to take it in a more comical aspect, that of the boy, who, having deservedly received a slap on the head, flings a stone at the first inoffending dog he meets. But there is a root of bitterness in Mr. Hawthorne that goes deeper than this; it was planted long before the flag of Secession. This broad fact, palpable throughout the book, could not be brought to a finer point than in the passage we are about to quote.

A friend had given Mr. Hawthorne his suburban residence, with all its conveniences, elegancies, and snuggeries; its drawing-rooms and library, "still warm and bright with the recollections of the genial presences that we had known there;" its closets, chambers, kitchen, and wine-cellar; its lawn and cosey garden-nooks, and whatever else makes up the comprehensive idea of an English home—"he had transferred it all to us, pilgrims and dusty wayfarers, that we might rest and take our ease during his summer's absence on the Continent." And Mr. Hawthorne enjoyed it all, and felt the feeling of home there as he had felt it nowhere else in this world. The weather, he says, was that of Paradise itself. He wandered up and down the walks of the delightful garden, felt the delicious charm of our summer gray skies, the richness of our verdure; felt that the hunger and thirst for natural beauty might be satisfied with our grass and green leaves alone; and, "*conscious of the triumph of England in this respect, and loyally anxious for the credit of my own country, it*

*gratified me to observe what trouble and pains the English gardeners are fain to throw away in producing a few sour plums and abortive pears and apples; as, for example, in this very garden where a row of unhappy trees were spread out perfectly flat against a brick wall, looking as if impaled alive, or crucified, with a cruel and unattainable purpose of compelling them to produce rich fruit by torture. For my part I never ate an English fruit, raised in the open air, that could compare in flavor with a Yankee turnip."*

Mr. Hawthorne is hardly quite right in saying that not an Englishman of us all ever spared them for the sake of courtesy or kindness. Yet it would not be of any advantage if we were to besmear one another all over with butter and honey. He is right in saying that Americans cannot judge of our susceptibility by their own. Thick-headed we may be, and it dulls many a blow; but we are not quite so thin-skinned as they are. None of them all ever said harder things of us than we continually say of ourselves and of each other. Let them abuse us bitterly as they please (and we shall still find reasonable cause for self-blame besides any blots that they can hit\*), we do not see how that will help them out of their difficulty, or hasten the decline and fall of England, which they seem to fancy is coming, and must come. Mr. Emerson even appears to think we have seen our best days. He writes:—

"If we will visit London, the present time is the best time, as some signs portend that it has reached its highest point. It is observed that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining."

Mr. Emerson should have known that, if England had been declining, the interest of his countrymen could not have been lessened on that account. What says Mr. Hawthorne on this subject? "At some unexpected moment there must come a terrible crash. The sole reason why I should desire it to happen in my days is, that I might be there to see." It appears to us exceedingly lucky that England could not be set on fire easily, as a single building, or the author of the above atrocious avowal might, when here, have been

\* See for an enumeration of frightful evils, some of which society might do much to cure, a striking little book, called "Another Blow for Life," by G. Godwin, F.R.S. London, 1864.

tempted to emulate the youth who fired the Ephesian temple. We have no wish to see the ruin of Mr. Hawthorne's country, and trust that it may yet be averted.

Wordsworth told Mr. Emerson, thirty years ago, that the Americans needed a civil war to teach the necessity of knitting the social ties stronger; and, whatsoever the result may be, that war has come. Their character, as well as institutions, is on its trial. The only real test that has probed it to the heart is now presented to it. Its qualities, good and bad, are gathered together as on the threshing-floor of fate, where the flails are beating fiercely, to separate the wheat from the straw; and the storm-winds are blowing mightily, to winnow the chaff from the grain. We wish them well through the purifying process, and hope they may emerge a better nation, of nobler men, with simpler manners, greater reverence, higher aims, a loftier tone of honor, and a lower tone of talk—as will inevitably follow the living of a more unselfish life, and the doing of more earnest work. And when they shall have passed through their *crucial* experiment they will undoubtedly know the English character somewhat better.

We have not the least consolation for those who would not mind marching to ruin with their own country, if upheld by the proud thought that England also was doomed to a speedy fall. There is not the least sign of such a consummation, devoutly as it may be wished. We never knew John Bull in better health and spirits. Our patriotic sense has been wonderfully quickened of late years; suffering has drawn our bonds of union closer. We were never more near being English, that is, Conservatives to a man. Those who are so cosmopolitan as to admire and love every country except their own have had a throw which has taken the breath out of them. The spirit of our people, the sap of

the national life, has of late dwelt less in the branches, and more in the roots of the tree. There has been little flutter in the leaves above, but more concentrated vitality in the fibres clinging to the earth below. This is the meaning of our unanimity and unity. We are able and happy to assure our American friends that the following words, written years since by Mr. Emerson, yet apply to us with an added force:—

"I happened to arrive in England at the moment of a commercial crisis. But it was evident that, let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up, or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbors; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character, as they ever had.

"The wise ancients did not praise the ship parting with flying colors from the port, but only that brave sailor which came back with torn sheets and battered sides, stripped of her banners, but having ridden out the storm. And so I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion. Seeing this, I say, All hail! mother of nations, mother of heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind requires in the present hour. So be it! so let it be!"

Our British men of letters may know the following, which we take from a recent number of the *American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular*, where it appears as a quotation from a Boston newspaper: "Dr. O. W. Holmes strongly presented the case against the literary and public men of Great Britain last evening. He arraigned Lord Brougham, Dickens, Tennyson, the English Church, the *London Times*, and *Punch*, for their silence during the

present contest, or expressions of open hostility to this country. His comments upon the falsity to former professed principles, frivolity, and mental complicity with slavery, of some of the distinguished Englishmen whose names are household words on both sides of the Atlantic, exposed, in a masterly manner, the remarkable effect of national selfishness and ingratitude upon men of culture and refinement."—*Reader*.

## A SONG OF PROVERBS.

Air—"Push about the jorum."

In ancient days, tradition says,  
When knowledge much was stinted—  
When few could teach and fewer preach,  
And books were not yet printed—  
What wise men thought, by prudence taught,  
They pithily expounded;  
And proverbs sage, from age to age,  
In every mouth abounded.  
Oh, blessings on the men of yore,  
Who wisdom thus augmented,  
And left a store of easy lore  
For human use invented.

Two of a trade, 'twas early said,  
Do very ill agree, sir;  
A beggar hates at rich men's gates  
A beggar's face to see, sir.  
Yet trades there are, though rather rare,  
Where men are not so jealous;  
Two lawyers know the coal to blow,  
Just like a pair of bellows.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

Birds of a feather flock together;  
Like fain with like would dwell, sir;  
Yet things unlike the fancy strike,  
And answer pretty well, sir.  
You know Jack Sprat: he eats no fat,  
His wife can eat no lean, sir;  
So 'twixt the two, with small ado,  
They lick the platter clean, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

The man who would Charybdis shun  
Must make a cautious movement,  
Or else he'll into Scylla run—  
Which would be no improvement.  
The fish that left the frying-pan,  
On feeling that desire, sir,  
Took little by their change of plan,  
When floundering in the fire, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

A man of nous from a glass house  
Will not be throwing stones, sir;  
A mountain may bring forth a mouse,  
With many throes and groans, sir.  
A friend in need's a friend indeed,  
And prized as such should be, sir;  
But summer friends, when summer ends,  
Are off and o'er the sea, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

Sour grapes, we cry, of things too high,  
Which gives our pride relief, sir;  
Between two stools the bones of fools  
Are apt to come to grief, sir.  
Truth, some folks tell, lies in a well,  
Though why I ne'er could see, sir;  
But some opine 'tis found in wine,  
Which better pleases me, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

Your toil and pain will all be vain,  
To try to milk the bull, sir;  
If forth you jog to sheer the hog,  
You'll get more cry than wool, sir.

'Twould task your hand to sow the sand,  
Or shave a chin that's bare, sir;  
You cannot strip a Highland hip  
Of what it does not wear, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

Of proverbs in the common style  
If now you're growing weary,  
I'll try again to raise a smile  
With two by Lord Dundreary.  
You cannot brew good Burgundy  
Out of an old sow's ear, sir;  
Nor can you make a silken purse  
From very sour small beer, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

Now he who listens to my song,  
And heeds what I indite, sir,  
Will seldom very far go wrong,  
And often will go right, sir.  
But whoso hears with idle ears,  
And is no wiser made, sir,  
A fool is he, and still would be,  
Though in a mortar brayed, sir.  
Oh, blessings, etc.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE END OF THE PLAY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling to the prompter's bell;  
A moment yet the actor stops,  
And looks around, to say farewell!  
It is an irksome work and task;  
And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
He shows, as he removes his mask,  
A face that's anything but gay. . . .

Who knows the inscrutable design?  
Blessed be He who took and gave!  
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
Be weeping at her darling's grave?  
We bow to Heaven, that willed it so;  
That darkly rules the fate of all;  
That sends the respite or the blow;  
That's free to give or to recall. . . .

So such shall mourn, in life's advance,  
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;  
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,  
And longing passion unfulfilled.  
Amen! whatever fate be sent,  
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
Although the head with cares be bent,  
Whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the Awful Will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses, or who wins the prize?  
Go, lose or conquer as you can:  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.



## PART III.—CHAPTER VII.

WONDERS come natural at fifteen; the farmer's son of Ramore, though a little dazzled at the moment, was by no means thrown off his balance by the flattering attentions of Lady Frankland, who said everything that was agreeable and forgot that she had said it, and went over the same ground again half a dozen times, somewhat to the contempt of Colin, who knew nothing about fine ladies, but had all a boy's disdain for a silly woman. Thanks to his faculty of silence, and his intense pride, Colin conducted himself with great external propriety when he dined with his new friends. Nobody knew the fright he was in, nor the strain of determination not to commit himself, which was worthy of something more important than a dinner. But after all, though it shed a reflected glory over his path for a short time, Sir Thomas Frankland's dinner and all its bewildering accessories was but an affair of a day, and the only real result it left behind was a conviction in the mind of Lauderdale that his young *protégé* was born to better fortune. From that day the tall student hovered, benignly reflective, like a tall genie over Colin's boyish career. He was the boy's tutor so far as that was possible where the teacher was himself but one step in advance of the pupil; and as to matters speculative and philosophical, Lauderdale's monologue, delivered high up in the air over his head, became the accompaniment and perpetual stimulation of all Colin's thoughts. The training was strange, but by no means unnatural, nor out of harmony with the habits of the boy's previous life, for much homely philosophy was current at Ramore, and Colin had been used to receive all kinds of comments upon human affairs with his daily bread. Naturally enough, however, the sentiments of thirty and those of fifteen were not always harmonious, and the impartial and tolerant thoughtfulness of his tall friend much exasperated Colin in the absolutism of his youth.

"I'm a man of the age," Lauderdale would say, as they traversed the crowded streets together; "by which I am gaining no superiority over you, callant, but in the contrary, if you were but wise enough to ken. I've fallen into the groove like the rest of mankind, and think in limits as belongs to my century—which is but a poor half-and-half kind of century, to say the best of it—

but you are of all the ages, and know nothing about limits or possibilities. Don't interrupt me," said the placid giant; "you are far too talkative for a laddie, as I have said before. I tell you I'm a man of the age: I've no very particular faith in anything. In a kind of a way, everything's true; but you needna tell me that a man that believes like *that* will never make much mark in this world or any other world I ever heard tell of. I know that a great deal better than you do. The best thing you can do is to contradict me; it's good for you, and it does me no harm."

Colin acted upon this permission to the full extent of all his youthful prowess and prejudices, and went on learning his Latin and Greek, and discussing all manner of questions in heaven and earth, with the fervor of a boy and a Scotsman. They kept together, this strange pair, for the greater part of the short winter days, taking long walks, when they left the university, through the noisy, dirty streets, upon which Lauderdale moralized; and sometimes through the duller squares and crescents of respectability which formed the frame of the picture. Sometimes their peregrinations concluded in Colin's little room, when they renewed their arguments over the oat-cakes and cheese which came in periodical hampers from Ramore; and sometimes Lauderdale gave his *protégé* a cheap and homely dinner at the tavern where they had first broken bread together. But not even Colin, much less any of his less familiar acquaintances, knew where the tall mentor lived, or how he managed to maintain himself at college. He said he had his lodging provided for him, when any inquiry was made, and added, with an odd, humorous look, that his was an honorable occupation; but Lauderdale afforded no further clue to his own means or dwelling-place. He smiled, but he was secret and gave no sign. As for his studies, he made but such moderate progress in them as was natural to his age and his character. No particular spur of ambition seemed to stimulate the man whose habits were formed by this time, and who found enjoyment enough, it appeared, in universal speculation. When he failed, his reflections as to the effect of failure upon the mind of man, and the secondary importance after all of mere material success, "which always turns out more disappointing to a reflective spirit than an actual



break-down," the philosopher would say, "being aye another evidence how far reality falls short of the idea," became more piquant than usual; and when he succeeded, the same sentiments moderated his satisfaction. "Oh ay, I've got the prize," he said, holding it on a level with Colin's head, and regarding its resplendent binding with a smile; "which is to say, I've found out that it's only a book with the college arms stamped upon it, and no a palpable satisfaction to the soul as I might have imagined it to be, had it been yours, boy, instead of mine."

But with all this composure of feeling as respected his own success, Lauderdale was as eager as a boy about the progress of his pupil. When the prize lay in Colin's way, his friend spared no pains to stimulate and encourage and help him on; and as years passed, and the personal pride of the elder became involved in the success of the younger, Lauderdale's anxieties awoke a certain impatience in the bosom of his *protégé*. Colin was ambitious enough in his own person; but he turned naturally with sensitive boyish pride against the arguments and inducements which had so little influence upon the speaker himself.

"You urge *me* on," said the country lad; "but you think it does not matter for yourself." And though it was Colin's third session, and he reckoned himself a man, he was jealous to think that Lauderdale urged upon him what he did not think it worth his while to practise in his own person.

"When a thing's spoilt in the making, it matters less what use ye put it to," said the philosopher. It was a bright day in March, and they were seated on the grass together in a corner of the green, looking at the pretty groups about, of women and children—children and women, perhaps not over-tidy, if you looked closely into the matter, but picturesque to look at—some watching the patches of white linen bleaching on the grass, some busily engaged over their needlework, and all of them occupied:—it was comfortable to think they could escape from the dingy "closes" and unsavory "lands" of the neighborhood. The tall student stretched his long limbs on the grass, and watched the people about with reflective eyes. "There's nothing in this world so important to a man as a right beginning," he went on. "As for me, I'm all astray, and

can never win to any certain end—no that I'm complaining, or taking a gloomy view of things in general; I'm just as happy in my way as other folk are in theirs—but that's no the question under discussion. When a man reaches my years without coming to anything, he'll never come to much all his days; but you're only a callant, and have all the world before you," said Lauderdale. He did not look at Colin as he spoke, but went on in his usual monotone, looking into the blue air, in which he saw much that was not visible to the eager young eyes which kept gazing at him. "When I was like you," he continued, with a half-pathetic, half-humorous smile, "it looked like misery and despair to feel that I was not to get my own way in this world. I'm terribly indifferent now-a-days—one kind of life is just as good as another as long as a man has something to do that he can think to be his duty; but such feelings are no for you," said Colin's tutor, waking up suddenly. "For you, laddie, there's nothing grand in the world that should not be possible. The lot that's accomplished is aye more or less a failure; but there's always something splendid in the life that is to come."

"You talk to me as if I were a child!" said Colin, with a little indignation; "you see things in their true light yourself; but you treat me like a baby. What can there be that is splendid in my life?—a farmer's son, with perhaps the chance of a country church for my highest hope—after all kinds of signings and confessions and calls and presbyteries. It would be splendid, indeed," said the lad, with boyish contempt, "to be plucked by a country presbytery that don't know six words of Greek, or objected to by a congregation of ploughmen. That's all a man has to look for in the Church of Scotland, and you know it, Lauderdale, as well as I do."

Colin broke off suddenly, with a great deal of heat and impatience. He was eighteen, and he was of the advanced party, the Young Scotland of his time. The dogmatic Old Scotland, which loved to bind and limit, and make confessions and sign the same, belonged to the past centuries. As for Colin's set, they were "viewy" as the young men at Oxford used to be in the days of Froude and Newman. Colin's own "views" were of a vague description enough, but of the most revolutionary tendency. He did not

believe in Presbytery, nor in that rule of Church government which in Scotland is known as Lord Aberdeen's Act; and his ideas respecting extempore worship and common prayers were much unsettled. But as neither Colin nor his set had any distinct model to fall back upon, nor any clear perception of what they wanted, the present result of their enlightenment was simply the unpleasant one of general discontent with existing things, and a restless contempt for the necessary accessories of their lot.

"'Plucked' is no a word in use in Scotland," said Lauderdale; "it smacks of the English universities, which are altogether a different matter. As for the Westminster Confession, I'm no clear that I could put my name to that myself as my act and deed—but you are but a callant, and don't know your own mind as yet. Meaning no offence to you," he continued, waving his hand to Colin, who showed signs of impatience, "I was once a laddie myself. Between eighteen and eight-and-twenty you'll change your ways of thinking, and neither you nor me can prophesy what they'll end in. As for the congregation of ploughmen, I would be very easy about you if that was the worst danger. Men that are about day and night in the fields when all's still, cannot but have thoughts in their minds now and then. But it's no what you are going to be, I'm thinking of," said Colin's counsellor, raising himself from the grass with a spark of unusual light in his eyes, "but what you *might* be, laddie. It's no a great preacher, far less what they call a popular minister, that would please me. What I'm thinking of is, the Man that is aye to be looked for, but never comes. I'm speaking like a 'woman, and thinking like a woman," he said, with a smile; "they have a kind of privilege to keep their ideal. For my part, I ought to have more sense, if experience counted for anything; but I've no faith in experience. And, speaking of that," said the philosopher, dropping back again softly on the greensward, "what a grand outlet for what I'm calling the ideal was that old promise of the Messiah who was to come! It may still be so for anything I can tell, though I cannot say that I put much trust in the Jews. But aye to be able to hope that the next new soul might be the one that was above failure must have been a wonderful solace to those that had

failed and lost heart. To be sure, they missed him when he came," continued Lauderdale; "that was natural. Human nature is aye defective in action; but a grand idea like that makes all the difference between us and the beasts, and would do, if there were a hundred theories of development, which I would not have you put faith in, laddie," continued the volunteer tutor. "Steam and iron make awful progress, but no man—"

"That is one of your favorite theories," said Colin, who was ready for any amount of argument; "though iron and steam are dead and stationary, but for the Mind which is always developing. What you say is a kind of paradox; but you like paradoxes, Lauderdale."

"Everything's a paradox," said the reflective giant, getting up slowly from the turf. "The grass is damp, and the wind's cold, and I don't mean to sit here and haver nonsense any longer. Come along, and I'll see you home. What I like women for is, that they're seldom subject to the real, or convinced by what you callants call reason. Reason and reality are terrible fictions at the bottom. I more believe in facts, for my part. The worst of it is, that a woman's ideal is apt to look a terrible idiot when she sets it up before the world," continued Lauderdale, his face brightening gradually with one of his slow smiles. "The ladies' novels are instructive on that point. But there's few things in this world so pleasant as to have a woman at hand that believes in you," he said, suddenly breaking off in his discourse at an utterly unexpected moment. Colin was startled by the unlooked-for silence, and by the sound of something like a sigh which disturbed the air over his head, and being still but a boy, and not superior to mischief, looked up, with a little laughter.

"You must have once had a woman who believed in you, or you would not speak so feelingly," said the lad, in his youthful amusement; and then Colin, too, stopped short, having encountered quite an unaccustomed look in his companion's face.

"Ay," said Lauderdale, and then there was a pause. "If it were not that life is aye a failure, there would be some cases harder than could be borne," he continued, after a moment; "no that I'm complaining; but if I were you, laddie, I would set my

face dead against fortune, and make up my mind to win. And speaking of winning, when did you hear of your grand English friends, and the callant you picked out of the loch? Have they ever been here in Glasgow again?"

At which question Colin drew himself to his full height, as he always did at Harry Frankland's name; he was ashamed now to express his natural antagonism to the English lad in frank speech as he had been used to do, but he insensibly elevated his head, which, when he did not stoop, as he had a habit of doing, began to approach much more nearly than of old to the altitude of his friend's.

"I know nothing about their movements," he said, shortly. "As for winning, I don't see what connection there can be between the Franklands and any victory of mine. You don't suppose Miss Matilda believes in me, do you?" said Colin, with an uneasy laugh; "for that would be a mistake," he continued, a moment after. "She believes in her cousin."

"Maybe," said Lauderdale, in his oracular way, "it's an uncanny kind of relationship upon the whole; but I would not be the one to answer for it, especially if it's him she's expected to believe in. But there were no Miss Matildas in my mind," he added, with a smile. "I'll no ask what she had to do in yours, for you're but a callant, as I have to remind you twenty times a day. But such lodgers are no to be encouraged," said Colin's adviser, with seriousness; "when they get into a young head it's hard to get them out again; and the worst of them is, that they take more room than their fair share. Have you got your essay well in hand for the principal? That's more to the purpose than Miss Matilda; and now the end of the session's drawing near, and I'm a thought anxious about the philosophy class. Yon Highland colt with the red hair will run you close, if you don't take heed. It's no prizes I'm thinking upon," said Lauderdale; "it's the whole plan of the campaign. I'll come up and talk it all over again, if you want advice; but I've great confidence in your own genius." As he said this, he laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and looked down into his eyes. "Summer's the time to dream," said the tall student, with a smile and a sigh. Perhaps he had given undue importance to the name of Miss Matilda. He looked into the fresh

young face with that mixture of affection and pathos—ambition for the lad, mingled with a generous, tender envy of him—which all along had moved the elder man in his intercourse with Colin. The look for once penetrated through the mists of custom and touched the boy's heart.

"You are very good to me, Lauderdale," he said, with a little effusion; at the sound of which words his friend grasped his shoulder affectionately and went off, without saying anything more, into the dingy Glasgow streets. Colin himself paused a minute to watch the tall, retreating figure before he climbed his own tedious stair. "Summer's the time to dream," he repeated to himself, with a certain brightness in his face, and went up the darkling staircase three steps at a time, stimulated most probably by some thoughts more exciting than anything connected with college prizes or essays. It was the end of March, and already now and then a chance breeze whispered to Colin that the primroses had begun to peep out about the roots of the trees in all the soft glens of the Holy Loch. It had only been in the previous spring that primroses became anything more to Colin than they were to Peter Bell; but now the youth's eyes were anointed, he had begun to write poetry, and to taste the delights of life. Though he had already learned to turn his verses with the conscious deception of a Moore, it did not occur to Colin as possible that the life which was so sweet one year might not be equally delightful the next, or that anything could occur to deprive him of the companionship he was looking forward to. He had never received any shock yet in his youthful certainty of pleasure, and did not stop to think that the chance which brought Sir Thomas Frankland's nursery, and with it his pretty miss, to the Castle, for all the long spring and summer, might never recur again. So he went up-stairs three steps at a time, in the dingy twilight, and sat down to his essay, raising now and then triumphant, youthful eyes, which surveyed the mean walls and poor little room without seeing anything of the poverty, and making all his young, arrogant, absolute philosophy sweet with thoughts of the primroses, and the awaking waters, and the other human creature, the child Eve of the boy's Paradise. This was how Colin managed to compose the essay, which drew tears of mingled laughter

and emotion from Lauderdale's eyes, and dazzled the professor himself with its promise of eloquence, and secured the prize in the philosophy class. The Highland colt with the red hair, who was Colin's rival, was very much sounder in his views, and had twenty times more logic in his composition; but the professor was dazzled, and the class itself could scarcely forbear its applause. Colin went home accordingly covered with glory. He was nearly nineteen; he was one of the most promising students of the year; he had already distinguished himself sufficiently to attract the attention of people interested in college successes; and he had all the long summer before him, and no one could tell how many rambles about the glens, how many voyages across the loch, how many researches into the wonders of the hills. He bade farewell to Lauderdale with a momentary seriousness, but forgot before the smoke of Glasgow was out of sight that he had ever parted from anybody, or that all his friends were not awaiting him in this summer of delight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Come away into the fire; it's bonnie weather, but it's sharp on the hillside," said the mistress of Ramore. "I never wearied for you, Colin, so much as I've done this year. No that there was only particular occasion, for we've a' been real weel, and a good season, and baith bairns and beasts keeping their health; but the heart's awfu' capricious, and canna hear reason. Come in bye to the fire."

"There's been three days of east wind," said the farmer, who had gone across the loch to meet his son, and bring him home in triumph, "which accounts for your mother's anxiety, Colin. When there's plenty of blue sky, and the sun shining, there's naething she hasna courage for. What's doing in Glasgow? or rather what's doing at the college? or, maybe, if you insist upon it, what are you doing? for that's the most important to us."

To which Colin, who was almost as shy of talking of his own achievements as of old, gave for answer some bald account of the winding up of the session and of his own honors. "I told you all about it in my last letter," he said, hurrying over the narrative; "there was nothing out of the common. Tell me rather all the news of the parish—

who is at home and who is away, and if any of the visitors have come yet?" said the lad, with a conscious tremor in his voice. Most likely his mother understood what he meant.

"It's ower early for visitors yet," she said, "though I think for my part there's nothing like the spring, with the days lengthening, and the light aye eking and eking itself out. To be sure, there's the east winds, which is a sore drawback, but it has nae great effect on the west coast. The castle woods are wonderful bonnie, Colin: near as bonnie as they were last year, when a' those bright English bairnies made the place look cheerful. I wonder the earl bides there so seldom himself. He's no rich, to be sure, but it's a moderate kind of a place. If I had enough money I would rather live there than in the queen's parlor, and so the minister says. You'll have to go down to the manse the morn, and tell them a' about your prizes, Colin," said his proud mother, looking at him with beaming eyes. She put her head upon her boy's shoulder, and patted him softly as he stood beside her. "He takes a great interest in what you're doing at the college," she continued; "he says you're a credit to the parish, and so I hope you'll aye be," said Mrs. Campbell. She had not any doubt on the subject so far as her own convictions went.

"He does not know me," said the impatient Colin; "but I'll go to the manse to-morrow if you like. It's half-way to the castle," he said, under his breath, and then felt himself color, much to his annoyance, under his mother's eyes.

"There's plenty folk to visit," said the farmer. "As for the castle, it's out of our way, no to say it looked awfu' doleful the last time I was by. The pastor would get it but for the name of the thing. We've had a wonderful year, take it a' thegither, and the weather is promising for this season. If you're no over-grand with all your honors, I would be glad of your advice, as soon as you've rested, about the Easter fields. I'm thinking of some changes, and there's nae time to lose."

"If you would but let the laddie take breath!" said the farmer's wife. "New out of all his toils and his troubles, and you canna refrain from the Easter fields. It's my belief," said the mistress, with a little solemnity, "that prosperity is awfu' trying to



the soul. I dinna think you ever cared for siller, Colin, till now; but instead of rejoicing in your heart over the Almighty's blessing, I hear nothing, from morning to night, but about mair profit. It's no what I've been used to," said Colin's mother, "and there's mony a thing mair important that I want to hear about. Eh! Colin, it's my hope you'll no get to be over-fond of this world!"

"If this world meant no more than a fifty pound or so in the bank," said big Colin, with a smile; "but there's no denying it's a wonderful comfort to have a bit margin, and no be aye from hand to mouth. As soon as your mother's satisfied with looking at you, you can come out to me, Colin, and have a look at the beasts. It's a pleasure to see them. Apart from profit, Jeanie," said the farmer, with his humorous look, "if you object to that, it's grand to see such an improvement in a breed of living creatures that you and me spend so much of our time among. Next to bonnie bairns, bonnie cattle's a reasonable pride for a farmer, no to say but that making siller in any honest way is as laudable an occupation as I ken of for a man with a family like me."

"If it doesna take up your heart," said the mistress. "But it's awfu' to hear folk how they crave siller for siller's sake; especially in a place like this, where there's aye strangers coming and going, and a' body's aye trying how much is to be got for everything. I promised the laddies a holiday the morn to hear a' Colin's news, and you're no to take him off to byres and ploughed land the very first day, though I dinna say but I would like him to see Gowan's calf," said the farmer's wife, yielding a little in her superior virtue. As for Colin, he sat very impatiently through this conversation, vainly attempting to bring in the question which he longed, yet did not like, to ask.

"I suppose the visitors will come early, as the weather is so fine?" he ventured to say as soon as there was a pause.

"Oh, ay, the Glasgow folks," said Mrs. Campbell; and she gave a curious, inquiring glance at her son, who was looking out of the window with every appearance of abstraction. "Do you know anybody that's coming, Colin?" said the anxious mother; "some of your new friends?" And Colin was so sensible of her look, though his eyes were turned in exactly the opposite direction,

that his face grew crimson up to the great waves of brown hair which were always tumbling about his forehead. He thrust his heavy love-locks off his temples with an impatient hand, and got up and went to the window that his confusion might not be visible. Big Colin of Ramore was at the window too, darkening the apartment with his great bulk, and the farmer laid his hand on his son's shoulder with a homely roughness, partly assumed to conceal his real feeling.

"How tall are you, laddie? no much short of me now," he said. "Look here, Jeanie, at your son." The mistress put down her work, and came up to them, defeating all Colin's attempts to escape her look; but in the mean time she, too, forgot the blushes of her boy in the pleasant sight before her. She was but a little woman herself, considered in the countryside rather too soft and delicate for a farmer's wife; and with all the delicious confidence of love and weakness, the tender woman looked up at her husband and her son.

"Young Mr. Frankland's No half so tall as Colin," said the proud mother; "no that height is anything to brag about unless a' things else is conformable. He's weel enough, and a strong-built callant, but there's a great difference, though, to be sure; his mother is just as proud," said the mistress, bearing her conscious superiority with meekness; "it's a grand thing that we're a' best pleased with our ain."

"When did you see young Frankland?" said Colin, hastily. The two boys had scarcely met since the encounter which had made a link between the families without awaking very friendly sentiments in the bosoms of the two persons principally concerned.

"That's a thing to be discussed hereafter," said the farmer of Ramore. "I didna mean to say anything about it till I saw what your inclinations were; but women-folk are aye hasty. Sir Thomas has made me a proposition, Colin. He would like to send you to Oxford with his own son if you and me were to consent. We're to gie him an answer when we've made up our minds. Nae doubt he has heard that you were like enough to be a creditable protegee," said big Colin, with natural complacency. "A lad of genius gie distinction to his patron, if ye can put up with a patron, Colin."



"Can you?" cried his son. The lad was greatly agitated by the question. Ambitious Scotch youths of Colin's type, in the state of discontent which was common to the race, had come to look upon the English universities as the goal of all possible hopes. Not that Colin would have confessed as much had his fate depended on it, but such was the fact notwithstanding. Oxford, to his mind, meant any or every possibility under heaven, without any limit to the splendor of the hopes involved. A different kind of flash, the glow of eagerness and ambition, came to his face. But joined with this came a tumult of vague but burning offence and contradiction. While he recognized the glorious chance thus opened to him, pride started up to bolt and bar those gates of hope. He turned upon his father with something like anger in his voice, with a tantalizing sense of all the advantages thus flourished wantonly, as he thought, before his eyes. "Could you put up with a patron?" he repeated, looking almost fiercely in the farmer's face; "and if not, why do you ask me such a question?" Colin felt injured by the suggestion. To be offered the thing of all others he most desired in the world by means which made it impossible to accept the offer would have been galling enough under any circumstances; but just now, at this crisis of his youthful ambition and excitement, such a tantalizing glimpse of the possible and the impossible was beyond bearing. "Are we his dependants that he makes such an offer to me?" said the exasperated youth; and big Colin himself looked on with a little surprise at his son's excitement, comprehending only partially what it meant.

"I'll no say I'm fond of patronage," said the farmer, slowly; "neither in the kirk nor out of the kirk. It's my opinion a man does aye best that fights his own way; but there's aye exceptions, Colin. I wouldna have you make up your mind in any arbitrary way. As for Sir Thomas, he has aye been real civil and friendly—no one of your condescending fine gentlemen—and the son—"

"What right have I to any favor from Sir Thomas?" said the impatient Colin. "He is nothing to me. I did no more for young Frankland than I would have done for any *dog* on the hillside," he continued, with a contemptuous tone; and then his conscience reproved him. "I don't mean to say anything against him. He behaved like a man,

and saved himself," said Colin, with haughty candor. "As for all this pretence of rewarding me, it feels like an insult. I want nothing at their hands."

"There's no occasion to be violent," said the farmer. "I dinna expect that he'll use force to make you accept his offer, which is weel meant and kind, whatever else it may be. I canna say I understanda' this fury on your part; and there's no good that I can see in deciding this very moment and no other. I would like you to sleep upon it and turn it over in your mind. Such an offer doesna come every day to the Holy Loch. I'm no the man to seek help," said big Colin, "but there's times when it's more generous to receive than to give."

The mistress had followed her son wistfully with her eyes through all his changes of countenance and gesture. She was not simply surprised like her husband, but looked at him with unconscious insight, discovering by intuition what was in his breast—something, at least, of what was in his heart—for the anxious mother was mistaken, and rushed at conclusions which Colin himself was far from having reached.

"There's plenty of time to decide," said the farmer's wife; "and I've that confidence in my laddie that I ken he'll do nothing from a poor motive, nor out of a jealous heart. There never were ony sulky ways, that ever I saw, in ony bairn of mine," said Mrs. Campbell; "and if there was one in the world that was mair fortunate than me, I wouldna show a poor spirit towards him, because he had won, whiles it's mair generous to receive than to give, as the maister says; and whiles it's mair noble to lose than to win," said the mistress, with a momentary faltering of emotion in her voice. She thought the bitterness of hopeless love was in her boy's heart, and that he was tempted to turn fiercely from the friendship of his successful rival. And she lifted her soft eyes, which were beaming with all the magnanimous impulses of nature, to Colin's face, who did not comprehend the tenderness of pity with which his mother regarded him. But, at least, he perceived that something much higher and profounder than anything he was thinking of was in the mistress's thoughts; and he turned away somewhat abashed from her anxious look.

"I am not jealous that I am aware of," said Colin; "but I have never done anything

to deserve this, and I should prefer not to accept any favors from—any man," he concluded, abruptly. That was how they left the discussion for that time at least. When the farmer went out to look after his necessary business, his wife remained with Colin, looking at him often, as she glanced up from her knitting, with eyes of wistful wonder. Had she been right in her guess, or was it merely a vague sentiment of repulsion which kept him apart from young Frankland? But all the mother's anxiety could not break through the veil which separates one mysterious individuality from another. She read his looks with eager attention, half right and half wrong, as people make out an unfamiliar language. He had drifted off somehow from the plain vernacular of his boyish thoughts, and she had not the key to the new complications. So it was with a mixed and doubtful joy that the mistress of Ramore, on the first night of his return, regarded her son.

"And I suppose," said Colin, with a smile dancing about his lips, "that I am to answer this proposal when they come to the castle? And they are coming soon as they expected last year? or perhaps they are there now?" he said, getting up from his chair again and walking away towards the door that his mother might not see the gleams of expectation in his face.

"But, Colin, my man," said the mistress, who did not perceive the blow she was about to administer, "they're no coming to the castle this year. The young lady that was delicate has got well, and they're a' in London and in an awfu' whirl o' gayety like the rest of their kind; and Lady Mary, the earl's sister, is to have the castle with her bairns; and that's the way Sir Thomas wants our answer in a letter, for there's none of the family to be here this year."

It did not strike the mistress as strange that Colin made no answer. He was standing at the door looking out, and she could not see his face. And when he went out of doors presently, she was not surprised; it was natural he should want to see everything about the familiar place; and she called after him to say that, if he would wait a moment, she would go herself and show him Gowan's calf. But he either did not hear her, or, at least, did not wait the necessary moment; and when she had glanced out in her turn, and had perceived with delight that the wind

had changed, and that the sun was going down in glorious crimson and gold behind the hills, the mistress returned with a relieved heart to prepare the family tea. "It'll be a fine day to-morrow," she said to herself, rejoicing over it for Colin's sake; and so went in to her domestic duties with a lightened heart.

At that moment Colin had just pushed forth into the loch, flinging himself into the boat anyhow, disgusted with the world and himself and everything that surrounded him. In a moment, in the drawing of a breath, an utter blank and darkness had replaced all the lovely summer landscape that was glowing by anticipation in his heart. In the sudden pang of disappointment, the lad's first impulse was to fling himself forth into the solitude, and escape the voices and looks which were hateful to him at that moment. Nor was it simple disappointment that moved him; his feelings were complicated by many additional shades of aggravation. It had seemed so natural that everything should happen this year as last year, and now it seemed such blind folly to imagine that it could have been possible. Not only were his dreams all frustrated and turned to nothing, but he fell ever so many degrees in his own esteem and felt so foolish and vain and unkind, as he turned upon himself with the acute mortification and sudden disgust of youth. What an idiot he had been! To think she would again leave all the brilliant world for the loch and the primroses, and those other childish delights on which he had been dwelling like a fool!

Very bitter were Colin's thoughts, as he dashed out into the middle of the loch; and there laid up his oars and abandoned himself to the buffeting of excited fancy. What right had he to imagine that she had ever thought of him again, or to hope that such a thread of gold could be woven into his rustic and homely web of fate? He scoffed at himself, as he remembered, with acute pangs of self-contempt, the joyous, rose-colored dreams that had occupied him only a few hours ago. What a fool he was to entertain such vain, complacent fancies! He, a farmer's son, whose highest hope must be, after countless aggravations and exasperations, to get "placed" in a country church in some rural corner of Scotland. And then Colin recalled Sir Thomas Frankland's proposal, and took

to his ears again in a kind of fury, feeling it impossible to keep still. The baronet's kind offer looked like an intentional insult to the excited lad. He thought to himself that they wanted to reward him somehow by rude, tangible means, as if he were a servant, for what Colin proudly and indignantly declared to himself was no service—certainly no intentional service. On the whole, he had never been so wretched, so downcast, so fierce and angry and miserable in all his life. If he could but, by any means, by any toil, or self-denial, or sacrifice, get to Oxford, on his own account, and show the rich man and his son how little the Campbells of Ramore stood in need of patronage! All the glory had faded off the hills before Colin bethought himself of the necessity of returning to the homely house which he had greeted with so much natural pleasure a few hours before. His mother was standing at the door looking out for him as he drew towards the beach, looking at him with eyes full of startled and anxious half-comprehension. She knew he was disturbed somehow, and made guesses, right in the main, but all wrong in the particulars, which were, though he tried hard to repress all signs of it, another exasperation to Colin. This was how the first evening of his return closed upon the student of Ramore. He could not take any pleasure just then in the fact of being at home, nor in the homely love and respect and admiration that surrounded him. Like all the rest of the world, he neglected the true gold lying close at hand for the long-ing he had after the false diamonds that glittered at a distance. It was hard work for him to preserve an ordinary appearance of affection and interest in all that was going on, as he sat, absent and pre-occupied, at his father's table. "Colin's no like you idle laddies; he has ower much to think of to laugh and make a noise, like you," the mistress said with dignity, as she consoled the younger brothers, who were disappointed in Colin. And she half believed what she said, though she spoke with the base intention of deluding "the laddies," who knew no better. The house, on the whole, was rather disturbed than brightened by the return of the first-born, who had thus become a foreign element in the household life. Such was the inauspicious beginning of the holidays, which had been to Colin, for months back, the subject of so many dreams.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was some time before Colin recovered his composure, or found it possible to console himself for the failure of his hopes. He wrote a great deal of poetry in the mean time—or rather of verses which looked wonderfully like poetry, such as young men of genius are apt to produce under such circumstances. The chances are, that if he had confided them to any critic of a sympathetic mind, attempts would have been made to persuade Colin that he was a poet. But luckily Lauderdale was not at hand, and there was no one else to whom the shy young dreamer would have disclosed himself. He sent some of his musings to the magazines, and so added a little excitement and anxiety to his life. But nobody knew Colin in that little world where, as in other worlds, most things go by favor, and impartial appreciation is comparatively unknown. The editors most probably would have treated their unknown correspondent in exactly the same manner had he been a young Tennyson. As it was, Colin did not quite know what to think about his repeated failures in this respect. When he was despondent he became disgusted with his own productions, and said to himself that of course such mandlin verse could be procured by the bushel, and was not worthy of paper and print. But in other moods the lad imagined he must have some enemy who prejudiced the editorial world, and shut against him the gates of literary fame. In books all the heroes, who could do nothing else, found so ready a subsistence by means of magazines, that the poor boy was naturally puzzled to find that all his efforts could not gain him a hearing. And it began to be rather important to him to find something to do. During the previous summers Colin had not disdained the farm and its labors, but had worked with his father and brothers without any sense of incongruity. But now matters were changed. Miss Matilda, with her curls and her smiles, had bewitched the boy out of his simple innocent life. It did not seem natural that the hand which she consented to touch with her delicate fingers should hold the plough or the reaping-hook, or that her companion in so many celestial rambles should plod through the furrows at other times, or go into the rough drolleries of the harvest field. Colin began to think that the life of a farmer's son at Ramore was inconsistent with his future

hopes, and there was nothing else for it but teaching, since so little was to be made of the magazines. When he had come to himself and began to see the surrounding circumstances with clearer eyes, Colin, who had no mind to be dependent, but meant to make his own way as was natural to a Scotch lad of his class, bethought himself of the most natural expedient. He had distinguished himself at college, and it was not difficult to find the occupation he wanted. Perhaps he was glad to escape from the primitive home, from the mother's penetrating looks, and all the homely ways of which the ambitious boy began to be a little impatient. He had come to the age of discontent. He had begun to look forward no longer to the vague splendors of boyish imagination, but to elevation in the social scale, and what he heard people call success in life. A year or two before it had not occurred to Colin to consider the circumstances of his own lot—his ambition pointed only to ideal grandeur, unembarrassed by particulars—and it was very possible for the boy to be happy, thinking of some incoherent greatness to come, while engaged in the humblest work, and living in the homeliest fashion. But the time had arrived when the pure ideal had to take to itself some human garments, and when the farmer's son became aware that a scholar and a gentleman required a greater degree of external refinement in his surroundings. His young heart was wounded by this new sense, and his visionary pride offended by the thought that these external matters could count for anything in the dignity of a man. But Colin had to yield like every other. He loved his family no less, but he was less at home among them. The inevitable disruption was commencing, and already, with the quick insight of her susceptible nature, the mistress of Ramore had discovered that the new current was setting in, that the individual stream of Colin's life was about to disengage itself, and that her proud hopes for her boy were to be sealed by his separation from her. The tender-hearted woman said nothing of it, except by an occasional pathetic reflection upon things in general, which went to Colin's heart, and which he understood perfectly; but perhaps, though no one would have confessed as much, it was a relief to all when the scholar-son, of whom everybody at Ramore was so proud, went off across the loch, rowed by two of his

brothers, with his portmanteau and the first evening coat he had ever possessed, to Ard-martin, the fine house on the opposite bank, where he was to be tutor to Mr. Jordan's boys, and eat among strangers the bread of his own toil.

The mistress stood at her door shading her eyes with her hand, and looking after the boat as it shot across the bright water. Never at its height of beauty had the Holy Loch looked more fair. The sun was expanding and exulting over all the hills, searching into every hollow, throwing up unthought-of tints, heaps of moss, and masses of rock, that no one knew of till that moment; and with the sunshine went flying shadows that rose and fell like the lifting of an eyelid. The gleam of the sun before she put up her hand to shade her face fell upon the tear in the mistress's eye, and hung a rainbow upon the long lash, which was wet with that tender dew. She looked at her boys gliding over the loch through this veil of fairy colors, all made out of a tear, and the heart in her tender bosom beat with a corresponding conjunction of pain and happiness. "He'll never more come back to bide at home like his father's son," she said to herself, softly, with a pang of natural mortification; "but, eh, I'm a thankless woman to complain, and him so weel and so good, and naething in fault but nature," added the mother, with all the compunction of true love; and so stood gazing till the boat had gone out of hearing, and was just touching upon that sweet shadow of the opposite bank, projected far into the loch, which plunged the whole landscape into a dazzling uncertainty, and made it a doubtful matter which was land and which was water. Colin himself, touched by the loveliness of the scene, had paused just then to look down the shining line to where this beatified paradise of water opened out into the heaven of Clyde. And to his mother's eyes gazing after him, the boat seemed to hang suspended among the sweet spring foliage of the Lady's Glen, which lay reflected, every leaf and twig, in the sweeter loch. When somebody called her indoors she went away with a sigh. Was it earth, or a vision of paradise, or "some unsubstantial fairy place"? The sense of all this loveliness struck intense, with almost a feeling of pain, upon the gentle woman's poetic heart.



And it was in such a scene that Colin wrote the verses which borrowed from the sun and the rain prismatic colors like those of his mother's tears, and were as near poetry as they could possibly be to miss that glory. Luckily for him, he had no favorite confidant now to persuade him that he was a poet, so the verse-making did him nothing but good, providing a safety-valve for that somewhat stormy period of his existence.

Mr. Jordan was very rich and very liberal, and, indeed, lavish of the money which had elevated him above all his early friends and associations. He had travelled; he bought pictures; he prided himself upon his library; and he was very good to his young tutor, who, he told everybody, was "a lad of genius;" but naturally, with all this, Colin's existence was not one of unmingled bliss. As soon as he had left Ramore he began to look back to it with longing, as was natural to his years. The sense that he had that home behind him, with everybody ready to stand by him whatever trouble he might fall into, and every heart open to hear and sympathize in all the particulars of his life, restored the young man all at once to content and satisfaction with the homely household that loved him. When he was there life looked gray and sombre in all its sober-colored garments; but when he looked across the loch at the white house on the hillside, that little habitation had regained its ideal character. He had some things to endure, as was natural, that galled his high spirit, but, on the whole, he was happier than if he had still been at Ramore.

And so the summer passed on. He had sent his answer to Sir Thomas without any delay,—an answer in which, on the whole, his father concurred,—written in a strain of lofty politeness which would not have misbecome a young prince. "He was destined for the Church of Scotland," Colin wrote, "and such being the case, it was best that he should content himself with the training of a Scotch university." "Less perfect, no doubt," the boy had said, with a kind of haughty humility; "but, perhaps, better adapted to the future occupations of a Scotch clergyman." And then he went on to offer thanks in a magnificent way, calculated to overwhelm utterly the good-natured baronet, who had never once imagined that the pride of the farmer's son would be wounded by his

proposal. The answer had been sent, and no notice had been taken of it. It was months since then, and not a word of Sir Thomas Frankland or his family had been heard about the Holy Loch. They seemed to have disappeared altogether back again into their native firmament, never more to dazzle the eyes of beholders in the west country. It was hard upon Colin thus to lose, at a stroke, not only the hope on which he had built so securely, but at the same time a great part of the general stimulation of his life. Not only the visionary budding love which had filled him with so many sweet thoughts, but even the secret rivalry and opposition which no one knew of, had given strength and animation to his life, and both seemed to have departed together. He mused over it often with wonder, asking himself if Lauderdale was right; if it was true that most things come to nothing; and whether meetings and partings, which looked as if they must tell upon life for ever and ever, were, after all, of not half so much account as the steady routine of existence? The youth perplexed himself daily with such questions, and wrote to Lauderdale many a long, mysterious epistle which puzzled still more his anxious friend, who could not make out what had set Colin's brains astray out of all the confident philosophies of his years. When the young man, in his hours of leisure, climbed up the woody ravine close by, to where the burn took long leaps over the rocks, flinging itself down in diamonds and showers of spray into the heart of the deep summer foliage in the Lady's Glen, and from that height looked down upon the castle on the other side, seated among its leaves and trees on the soft promontory which narrowed the entrance of the loch, Colin could not but feel this unexpected void which was suddenly made in his life. The Frankland family had been prominent objects on his horizon for a number of years. In disliking or liking, they had been always before him; and even at his most belligerent period, there was something not disagreeable to the lad's fancy, at least, in this link of connection with a world so different from his own—a world in which, however commonplace might be the majority of the actors, such great persons as were to be had in the age might still be found. And now they had gone altogether away out of Colin's reach or ken; and he was left in his natural



position nowise affected by his connection with them. It was a strange feeling, and, notwithstanding the scorn with which he rejected the baronet's kindness and declined his patronage, much disappointment and mortification mingled with the sense of surprise in Colin's mind. "It was all as it ought to be," he said to himself many times as he pondered over it; but, perhaps, if it had been quite as he expected, he would not have needed to impress that sentiment on his mind by so many repetitions. These reflections still recurred to him all the summer through whenever he had any time to himself. But Colin's time was not much at his own disposal.

Nature had given to the country lad a countenance which propitiated the world. Not that it was handsome in the abstract, or could bear examination feature by feature, but there were few people who could resist the mingled shyness and frankness of the eyes with which Colin looked out upon the miraculous universe, perceiving perpetual wonders. The surprise of existence was still in his face, indignant though he would have been had anybody told him so; and tired people of the world, who knew better than they practised, took comfort in talking to the youth, who, whatever he might choose to say, was still looking as might be seen, with fresh eyes at the dewy earth, and saw everything through the atmosphere of the morning. This unconscious charm of his told greatly upon women, and most of all upon women who were older than himself. The young ladies were not so sure of him, for his fancy was pre-occupied; but he gained many friends among the matrons whom he encountered, and such friendships are apt to make large inroads upon a young man's time. And their hospitality reigns paramount on those sweet shores of the Holy Loch. Mr. Jordan filled his handsome house with a continual succession of guests from all quarters; and as neither the host nor hostess was in the least degree amusing, Colin's services were in constant requisition. Sometimes the company was good, often indifferent; but at all events, it occupied the youth, and kept him from too much inquisition into the early troubles of his own career.

His life went on in this fashion until September brought sportsmen in flocks to the heathery braes of the loch. Colin, whose engagement was but a temporary one, was

beginning to look forward once again to his old life in Glasgow—to the close little room in Donaldson's Land, and the long walks and longer talks with Lauderdale, which were almost his only recreation. Perhaps the idea was not so agreeable to him as in former years. Somehow, he was going back with a duller prospect of existence, with his radiance of variable light upon his horizon; and in the absence of this fairy illumination the natural circumstances became more palpable, and struck him with a sense of their poverty and meanness such as he had never felt before. He had to gulp down a little disgust as he thought of his attic, and even, in the involuntary fickleness of his years, was not quite so sure of enjoying Lauderdale's philosophy as he had once been.

He was in this state of mind when he heard of a new party of visitors who were to arrive the day after at Ardmartin—a distinguished party of visitors, fine people, whom Mr. Jordan had met somewhere in the world, and who had deigned to forget his lack of rank, and even of interest, in his wealth and his grouse and the convenient situation of his house; for Colin's employer was not moderately rich,—a condition which does a man no good in society,—but had heaps upon heaps of money, or was supposed to have such, which comes to about the same, and was respected accordingly. Colin listened but languidly to the scraps of talk he heard about these fine people. There was a dowager countess among them whose name abstracted the lady of the house from all her important considerations. As for Colin, he was still too young to care for dowagers; he heard without hearing of all the preparations that were to be made, and the exertions that were thought necessary in order to make Ardmartin agreeable to so illustrious a party, and paid very little attention to anything that was going on, hoping within himself to make his escape from the fuss of the reception, and have a little time to himself. On the afternoon on which they were expected he betook himself to the hills, as soon as his work with his pupils was over. It had been raining as usual, and everything shone and glistened in the sun, which blazed all over the braes with a brightness which did not neutralize the chill of the wind. The air was so still that Colin heard the crack of the sportsman's gun from different points around him, miles apart

from each other, and could, even on the height where he stood, discriminate the throb of the little steamer which was progressing through the loch at his feet, reflecting to the minutest touch, from its pennon of white steam at the funnel to the patches of color among its passengers on the deck, in the clear water on which it glided. The young man pursued his walk till the shadows began to gather, and the big bell of Ardmartin pealed out its summons to dress into all the echoes as he reached the gate. The house looked crowded to the very door, where it had overflowed in a margin of servants, some of whom were still importing the last carriage as Colin entered. He pursued his way to his own room languidly enough, for he was tired, and he was not interested either. As he went up the grand staircase, however, he passed a door which was ajar, and from which came the sound of an animated conversation. Colin started as if he had received a blow, as one of these voices fell on his ear. He came to a dead pause in the gallery upon which this room opened, and stood listening, unconscious of the surprised looks of somebody's maid, who passed him with her lady's dress in her arms, and looked very curiously at the tutor. Colin stopped short and listened, suddenly roused up into a degree of interest which brought the color to his cheek and the light to his eye. He thought all the ladies of the party must be there, so varied was the pleasant din and so many the voices; but he had been standing breathless, in the most eager pose of listening, for nearly half the time allowed for dressing, before he heard again the voice which had arrested him. Then, when he began to imagine that it must have been a dream, the sound struck his ear once more—a few brief syllables, a sweet, sudden laugh, and again silence. Was it *her* voice, or was it only a mock of fancy? While he stood lingering, wondering, straining his ear for a repetition of the sound, the door opened softly, and various white figures in dressing-gowns flitted off up-stairs and down-stairs, some of them uttering little exclamations of fright at sight of the alarming apparition of a man. It was pretty to see them dispersing, like so many white doves, from that momentary confabulation; but *she* was not among them. Colin went up to his room and dressed

with lightning speed, chafing within himself at the humble place which he was expected to take at the table. When he went into the dining-room, as usual, all the rest of the party were taking their places. The only woman-kind distinctly within Colin's sight was one of fifty, large enough to make six Matildas. He could not see *her*, though he strained his eyes up and down through the long alley of fruits and flowers. Though he was not twenty, and had walked about ten miles that afternoon over the wholesome heather, the poor young fellow could not eat any dinner. He had been placed beside a hoary old man to amuse him, whom his employer thought might be useful to the young student; but Colin had not half a dozen words to spend upon any one. Was *she* here, or was it mere imagination which brought down to him now and then, through the pauses of the conversation, a momentary tone that was like hers? When the ladies left the room the young man rushed, though it was not his office, to open the door for them. Another moment and Colin was in paradise—the paradise of fools. How was it possible that he could have been deceived? The little start with which she recognized him, the moment of surprise which made her drop her handkerchief and brought the color to her cheek, rapt the lad into a feeling more exquisite than any he had known all his life. She smiled; she gave him a rapid, sweet look of recognition, which was made complete by that start of surprise. Matilda was here, under the same roof—she whom he had never hoped to see again. Colin fell headlong into the unintended swoon. He sat pondering over her look and her startled movements all the tedious time, while the other men drank their wine, without being at all aware what divine elixir was in *his* cup. Her look of sweet wonder kept shining ever brighter and brighter before his imagination. Was it wonder only, or some dawning of another sentiment? If she had spoken, the spell might have been less powerful. A crowd of fairy voices kept whispering all manner of delicious follies in Colin's ear, as he sat waiting for the moment when he could follow her. Imagination did everything for him in that moment of expectation and unlooked-for delight.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

# SENSATION !

A SATIRE.

[The Satirist mourneth over the good old Tory times.]

Ah ! once the stream of English life would flow  
So humdrum, solemn, decent, and so slow !  
Such were the days of all our moral sires,  
The ancient race of heavy, honest squires.  
Top boots, nankeens, the uniform they wore ;  
They slept the sermon through, and sometimes  
swore.

Their manners simple, and their speech so coarse  
(To them how strange *Rules nisi* and Divorce) !  
Now for this ancient type we look in vain,  
The sound old ale is turned to thin champagne.  
See how bursts forth the smoke, the flame, the  
crash !

SENSATION comes ! the spasm and the flash !

[He contrasteth the slow-paced old Romances with the  
Novels of his own day.]

Who can endure the mild, decorous flow  
Of old romance, so moral, and so slow,  
Where model youth his model maiden weds,  
And the *Pere Noble* blesses both their heads !  
Poor virtue, trailed through many a sickly leaf—  
The first a dose, the last a sweet relief.  
Serve us not Gaskell, M'Intosh, or Ferrier,  
Such as may make us wise, but scarcely merrier.  
Inspid Burney—Edgeworth's placid tales—  
So stored with dowdy prudes and moral males ;  
Such charming men, who blend both love and  
prayer,

[With Miss Yonge's labors.]

Who sigh and die like Redclyffe's languid Heir.  
This diet *fade* can't suit the general wish ;  
Sensation finds Cayenne to spice the dish,  
Sprinkles some lunacy, fierce oaths, mistrust,  
And peppers high, with murder or with lust,

[With Lady Audley.]

A stately woman, with a cold, clear air,  
In staring mauve, and waves of yellow hair ;  
Sweet fallen bigamists in lonely rooms,  
Who murder poachers, and who marry grooms—

[The Satirist is facetious on the Plot of "Lady Audley's Secret."]

Lest idle tongues the frightful secret tell,  
They hide their husbands in convenient well ;  
Are tracked by lawyers, who so skilful grow,  
They "lead their circuits" in a year or so !  
Lay on the flaming tints so thick and broadly,  
Paint in, with clumsy brush, a Lady Audley.  
Soon will the book through ten editions fly ;—  
Great Mudie smiles, and eager thousands buy.  
Melting such fierce ingredients in the pot—  
How feeble "Makepeace," Bulwer, Dickens,  
Scott !

If we must mix these horrors, or must feast  
On nightmare dishes, mixed with goblin yeast,

[He reveth of Dumas the Elder.]

Turn we to Dumas, that romancer brave ;  
He has the art to blend the rope—the glaive.  
Magician skilful, who with happy knack,  
Compounds the shriek, the ambush, and the  
sack ;

The hot pursuit, the fall from beetling rock,  
*Duel a mort*, the torture, and the block.

[Of William Harrison Ainsworth.]

E'en welcome Ainsworth, with his poisoned bowls,  
His well-daubed horrors, and his plagues and  
Ghouls,

Whose gristly spectres from the churchyard stalk,  
Whose gallant thieves ride all the way to York ;  
O'erdrawn and rude, too hot and strong and  
coarse,

Yet worked with skilful hand and nervous force.  
Ah, clumsy workmen ! and most awkward Fry !  
Not ev'n with skill your stupid craft you ply !

These stale ingredients known to all the street,  
Were mixed before in many a penny sheet ;  
"Heralds" and "Journals," "Guides," that  
are no guide,

This stale device *ad nauseam* have tried ;  
And the grim tale of Ada, the Betrayed,  
Has scared the heart of many a servant-maid.

[He describeth a theatrical "run" with a bitterness  
that is suspicious.]

Down at the gaping Arch, along the Strand,  
See how the huddled crowds all sweltering stand !  
Flanked by a stalwart wife, the burly cit  
Pants, through the press, and struggles for the  
pit.

What female shrieks, what cries, and rended  
clothes !

What British hustling, and what British oaths !  
A chilling notice scatters general gloom,  
The strugglers read there's only "Standing  
Room."

Adelphi revels in a glorious run—  
They tremble lest the piece have just begun :  
O'erflowing boxes, pit, and galleries—  
Heads upon heads in human Alps arise !  
Ah, yes ! some garland fresh the lieges twine,  
New homage for their "Williams, the Divine."

[He breaks into a sarcastic rapture over the "Bard of  
Avon."]

Our Avon Swan—the poet of all time !  
Dear to each British heart his tuneful chime :  
They battle fiercely with the Frenchman lean  
Who dares to whisper Corneille or Racine.  
The nation's darling and its choice delight—  
Do they not rush to see him every night ?  
Alas ! he draws nor crowds, nor copious pelf,  
Immortal Williams pines upon his shelf !  
His solemn strains evoke the weary yawn,

[He girdeth at the "Colleen Bawn."]

All London rushes to the Colleen Bawn.  
No marvel that a tale so true and old,  
Which gentle Griffin once so sweetly told,  
Should charm the crowd when dressed with scenic  
arts,

And touch a chord in even Cockney hearts.  
Still though they hearken as the red-cloaked Eily  
Bewails her fate and pretty woes so shyly,  
And though they grin while Miles the Irish rogue  
Scatters his bulls, his blunders, and his brogue,  
Still, 'tis not wit or nature draws the town,  
They wait to see the luckless maiden drown !  
Ah, longed-for moment ! mark, the Water Cave !  
See on the brink NaCoppaleen the brave.

[Also at the "Peep-o'-Day."]

How poorly seem the feats our sires have done—

Once—thirty nights was talked of as a run ;  
But now three hundred nights they rush to see  
A lonely quarry and a bending tree !  
The bridge cut down, the heroine distraught,  
The villain near—escape is vainly sought !  
For heavenly help she prays—past human aid—  
Ah, die she must ! avert, avert, the spade !  
When, see ! the hero—light the darkness tinges—  
Descends the tree which bends by real hinges.

[*The Satirist deals sourly with the "Corsican Brothers."*]

Now to the "Princess" and its gaudy scene !  
Hush ! hearken to the nasal chaunt of Kean :  
Glide o'er the stage, twin brothers in their shirts,  
With gory dabs—stage token of their hurts.  
But soon we weary of the shirted spectre,

[*Is severe upon the Hamlet of M. Fechter.*]

So welcome the Shakespearean Frenchman, Fechter ;

We yawn for years at Hamlet, crazy fellow ;  
Ah, happy thought ! just dye his wig bright yellow !

Fetch that new reading from the Frenchman's larder,

Bid him say "dis" and "dat" and "my poor Fader."

Then shall a hundred nights reward his pain,  
The boxes fill, and Shakspeare rules again !

[*He playeth Histrionastix with Spurgeon and his Tabernacle.*]

Now when the week is gone, with all its toys,  
Still has the sabbath left some comic joys,  
When the frail saints and sinners of the age  
Devoutly hurry to their Sunday stage ;  
And, trembling lest the comic show they lose,  
Crowd to the holy stalls and cram the pews.  
The greasy man of God bewails their sins,  
Fits on his pious collar and then grins !  
Fills all the sacred place with laughter loud,  
Lays down his rug, and tumbles for the crowd.  
Ah, sad, degrading show ! a white-tied clown—  
Joe Miller Priest—Paul Bedford in a gown ;  
Profanest jester that the world e'er saw—  
Engage him, Buckstone—he will surely draw.

[*The last extravaganza—Pepper's Ghost.*]

Now does the London world—the Cockney host—

Run to the show to gape at Pepper's Ghost !  
What stupid wonder as the spectres pass—  
A feeble trick—an image on a glass !  
Such Christmas toys have boyish hearts beguiled,  
A Magic Lantern must delight the child !  
Nor must the Muse forget what sports allure—  
Their low and witless slang, their "Perfect Cure."  
Two dancing clowns, now panting o'er and o'er,  
And as they pant, the Britons louder roar !

[*The Blondin mania.*]

Yet is there found a feast, more piquant still—  
Ten thousand Cockneys rush to Gipsy Hill ;  
Ten thousand join in one excited stare ;  
Ten thousand mouths are gaping at the air.

THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 1143

Filled with delicious fear and fluttering hope,  
They watch a Frenchman capering on a rope !  
A hungry gaze pursues his timid track,  
He fries an egg, or stumbles in a sack !  
Some jaded soul, all *blase* with the town,  
Quite longs to see the Juggler spinning down—  
Dashed to the earth, in spite of boasted craft ;  
Sensation ne'er supplied so spiced a draught.

[*The Leopard phrenzy.*]

So at the sham Alhambra, where he sees  
The skilful gymnast spring from his trapéze,  
Fly through the air, along the fearful track,  
At every swoop he risks his lithesome back.  
But soon it thins ; the trick begins to pall ;  
'Tis known that skill has made the danger small.  
So in the circus, Roman mobs were brought,  
Who howled applause when gladiators fought ;  
And thus our English crowds look cold and shy,  
Unless their mountebanks prepare to die !  
Welcome this pleasing flutter and alarm,  
Who shall deny—'tis blood that gives the charm.

[*The "Anonyma" curiosity.*]

See in the park the flock of damsels fair,  
With monstrous skirts o'erflowing many a chair,  
Belles, who through ball-rooms sweep, in glittering cars—

A throng of matrons, dandies, and mammas.  
Most charming fusion ! See the Fool, the Wit,  
The Cad, the Peer, the Countess, and the Cit.  
Hark ! from the walk a fluttering murmur steals,  
Quick tramp of hoof, the sound of whirling wheels ;

See how the virgins fair and eager males  
Fly from their chairs, and boldly line the rails.  
"Sweet ponies ! darlings !" gentle voices cry—  
A flash—and see—Anonyma flits by !  
Oh, prim forefathers ! humdrum, and so staid,  
Most happy change ! we call a spade, a spade !  
Our fearless dames now touch the cheek with paint,

Talk of all sins, and still forbear to faint ;  
Sing us their strange songs, and boldly preach  
Of "doves all soiled"—or name "a damaged Peach."

[*The Traviata mania.*]

Sweet innocents who fear no grim Avatar,  
Who mourn the sorrows of a Traviata,  
Restrain the cold reproof, the sneer, the scoff,  
Redeemed by such a voice and such a cough.  
The Basso Doctor comes in haste to see,  
First fetches a deep note, then takes his fee.  
A sweet republic, where 'tis all the same—  
Virtue and vice, or good, or doubtful fame.  
The frail one finds in shops a curious mate,  
And simpers slyly at the mitred Tait.  
Coarse "Skittles" hangs beside a Spurgeon  
"carte,"

With stare, unblushing, makes the decent start.

These are thy freaks, SENSATION ! where they tend  
No modest eye can see, nor mark the end !

## THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S DIAMONDS.\*

The famous Duke of Brunswick, he surely must  
be blest,  
With the richest hoard of diamonds that ever man  
possest :

So rich and rare, so bright and fair, were never  
known before—

I almost feel it wealth enough to tell of such a  
store.

There's one of curious history traced back to a  
Turkish sabre,

Another, supposed invaluable, belonged to the  
Emperor Baber ;

And a *solitaire* of twelve rich gems, whose chron-  
icles reveal

That they buttoned the vest of Pedro, the Empe-  
ror of Brazil.

There's one of surpassing lustre, but of a black-  
ish dye,

That served for many centuries as an Indian  
idol's eye.

There's one that blazed on a German throne, and  
one of the purest sheen

That upon the lily finger shone of Mary, the  
Scottish queen.

Diamonds bright as the starry spheres, and dia-  
monds dark as the jet,

And two that have dangled at the ears of Marie  
Antoinette.

In short, the rarest collection of ancient or mod-  
ern time ;

But to give the merest catalogue is beyond the  
province of rhyme.

You must see the duke's own volume for their  
histories, lustre, and rate,

Which he gives in octavo pages two hundred and  
sixty-eight.

Now surely, the duke is the happiest man that  
lives this side o' the grave.

Alas ! he is chained by his diamonds ; he is body  
and soul their slave !

In a Bastile house at Paris he lives, shut up  
from the sun and the breeze,

By a great dead wall surrounded, and a warlike  
*chevaux de frise*.

\*The duke's confidential servant, who had been  
entrusted with the secret of the lock, lately stole  
these diamonds, but was overtaken, and the gems  
recovered.

So that when the sceler touches a prong he  
touches a secret spring,

And raises the larum loud and long as the bells  
of the Bastile ring.

Deep sunk in these dark defences lies the bed-  
room of the duke,

Into which the honest light of heaven is scarcely  
permitted to look—

A room with one chink for a window, and a door  
with wonderful guards,

Which opens to one alone who knows the secret  
of the wards ;

And into the strong, thick wall of his room, in a  
double-ribbed iron chest,

Like cats' eyes gleaming in the gloom, the living  
diamonds rest.

Before them lies the happy duke, with a dozen  
loaded pistols,

That he, without leaving his bed, may enjoy and  
defend the precious crystals.

But grant that a burglar scales the wall, vaults  
over the *chevaux de frise*,

Breaks open the door and slays the duke. What  
then ? Is the treasure his ?

Not yet ; for the duke had closed the safe ere  
the thief to his chamber got ;—

If he force the locks, four guns go off and batter  
him from the spot !

Now is not the duke the happiest man that lives  
this side o' the grave ?

Alas ! he is chained by his diamonds ; he is body  
and soul their slave !

He dares not leave his diamonds ; he dares not  
go from home ;

O'er the cloud-capt heights, through the lowly  
vales, he has no heart to roam.

Beside the diamond's costly light all other light  
is dim ;

Winter and summer, day and night, can take no  
hold on him.

Methinks he would be a richer man were he as  
poor as I,

Who have no gems but yon twinkling stars, the  
diamonds of the sky.

Could he the dewy daisies love, those diamonds  
of the sod,

Methinks he were a happier man, and a little  
nearer God.

I also think, could he sell all and give it to the  
poor,

The famous Duke of Brunswick's name would  
gloriously endure.

—Good Words.



From Good Words.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

### I.—THE CORNISH COAST SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

WHEN inland people hear of a shipwreck, if they picture the scene, they think of a hurricane, and of billows running mountains high, and of canvas torn to ribbons and streaming in the wind, and of other proper accompaniments of such a catastrophe. But those who have lived long upon a seaboard, especially if they have spent winters upon a dangerous coast, well know, not only that many a good ship goes to the bottom in still water, but that the breaking up of the stoutest build may take place apart from a tornado; nay, at a time when the heavens are dappled with the bright clouds that indicate settled fine weather. In truth, if one would rightly estimate the inherent powers of this mighty Atlantic which washes our shores, one should see the mantling waves thereof doing their work of destruction, in their own manner, upon man's work, at a time when the torn sails of a wreck, instead of streaming out from the splintered masts to leeward, hang motionless from the yards. No doubt there must have been a hurricane some while ago—*somewhere*—otherwise a ship of large size would not have come to lodge itself high upon the rocks, where now we find it; but this cyclone raged away upon the ocean, perhaps five degrees, or more, of west longitude, and ourselves on shore, at the Land's End, may have had no other notice of it than has been given us by the awful swell that has lately shaken the North coast as high up as Lundy Island. And this notice also we have had—that sea-weed enough to manure the duchy has skirted Mount's Bay, all along shore from St. Buryan to Cuddan Point.

More sublime and more impressive than a riotous hurricane, is such a spectacle of the proper heaving and battering force of the waves, when a mighty swell from the mid-ocean comes mantling up channel to do its

work of ruin upon a ship of one thousand tons, that has wedged itself somewhere in the jaws of an iron coast. Such jaws there are at the foot of several promontories, between the Longships and Hartland Point; and these ("Cape Death," each of them might well be called) are marked by the huge fractured timbers that sprout up in the caves and recesses of the adjoining coast, where the relics of wrecks have found depth enough of sand to root themselves firmly, and where they kept their position through a winter or two;—or perhaps even for many winters.

A shipwreck, if we are thinking of the demolition of a large vessel *near in-shore*, has indeed been *occasioned* by the winds; but it is actually *effected* by the waves. It may be that jagged rocks, or firmly compacted sands, hold the victim fast, and forbid its escape. Then comes in to do its office the hydraulic force of the sea, which shows itself to be a power of *lifting*, and a power of *battering*, and a power of *rending* and *tearing* and *ripping*, and splitting to shreds, and, as one might say, of *chewing*, such hard aliment as iron-bolts, copper-sheeting, oak-planking, and teakwood timbers. Not unfitly might the final process of a shipwreck of this sort be likened to the manner of the tiger, or the cat, with its victim, if it be a prey of the larger sort; for the ravenous brute takes up the quivering creature by the shoulders, gives it a bang on the ground, and a violent shake, and again another bang, until it has knocked the life out of it, and then rends open the entrails. Thus may one see this smooth-faced Atlantic, that purrs so gently upon the lap of Mother Britannia at some times, at another time doing vengeance upon one of her helpless craft, held fast in a corner.

It may need the poet's eye to put a metaphoric sense upon the face of Nature—inland; and it may need the poet's tongue duly to speak of mountains, hills, woods, rivers, plains, as if these material objects were en-

dowed with soul and sentiment; but I think one must be quite of an unpoetic temperament not to be prompted to impute a soul of its own to the ocean—especially at those times when, some time after the tempest is stilled, the great deep is seen to be travelling on in-shore in its might, as if moving at its own proper impulse, and as if it were bent upon the achievement of a purpose which it has meditated in some far-off longitude, and is resolved now to accomplish. At such a time the meditative spectator is apt to imagine that this awful force—this world of waters—is endued with a mind and a will, and is mustering its host of waves, banners spread, to meet an enemy. On a fine morning—let it be in November, when barely a breeze is stirring—you take your position aloft, upon the abutment of rocks opposite the Longships, and let it be at the height of the spring tides, when not merely is the tide on the flow up channel, but when a mountain of water is in progress to choke the channel on both sides, and to flood all the harbors of the Devon coast, and of South Wales. Then it is, and at such a time and place, that you may see the Atlantic quite itself; and then it is that you may hear *its own voice*, not mingled with the roar of a storm. In a storm there is a deafening racket of outrageous winds, and nothing far and wide is to be seen but millions of rags of froth streaming high in air, and gone inland to scour the moors. At such a time it may seem that ocean is the party that suffers, and that Auster or Boreas is the wrong-doer; but a deep ocean-well, at flow of the tide, in quiet weather, offers to view a spectacle which touches upon the sublime in this way, that a greater volume of *movement* and a greater amount of *action* than is seen in any other instance in Nature, is going on under the eye at the impulse of *one law* in dynamics; and this one law is now taking effect without disturbance or abatement, and without noise.

There is, moreover, one *form* or model of the wave that governs this movement, and there is one hue or color, far and near, that pervades the scene. No distant gay horizon attracts the eye, no rainbow-streaks adorn the mid-distance. Seldom does there appear in the offing so much as a feathery breaker. All that you look at is sheer force, which shows itself as the symbol of a power that is unmeasured and irresistible. Nevertheless,

these aspects of sublimity in the material world, if the sublimity be *material*, and nothing else, may quickly be overmatched in its effect upon the imagination by a very small admixture of an element of another and a higher order. Let only one drop of emotion touch our human sympathies, and suddenly mingle itself with this material sublimity, and in a moment I feel that human life and human souls and human affections outweigh the wide Atlantic and all its waves. Let it be that just now, where I stand, looking down upon this magnific heaving of the bosom of the ocean, there enters—somewhere in the mid-distance—upon the field of vision an object which is not by itself at all conspicuous, and which yet is not to be mistaken: it is a dismantled vessel lifting itself painfully over the billows. The ship is disabled, but it is not deserted, for a signal of distress has just now been hoisted at the stern. Thus it is that the sublime in the things of earth or of ocean is found to be of little account comparatively: for what are hurricanes, or earthquakes, or volcanic eruptions? or what, if we could witness it, what would be even the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll, if, at the heart of this upthrow of the elements, human life and human weal and woe were seen to be trembling in the crisis of its fate! There is now in view this ship; two of her masts are shivered, but she carries sail, and she is seen to obey the helm—she holds her head to the sea, and it is possible that she may weather the rocks, for she has yet two hours of daylight, and an hour of the flow of the tide up channel. Are there any hands on board able to stand to their duty? Only let the ship work herself fairly out of Whitesand Bay, and she may be able to get into St. Ives, or perhaps Padstow. Within a very little—it is not more than a cable's length—and she may do it! How hard does she labor, foreship and abaft, as if bravely intent to save her dozen hands on board! Shall they be saved? Saved or lost they must be before the next morning's light. A group of the people of the next nearest fishing village has gathered on to the spot whence this doubtful run for life or death may best be witnessed. Every heart, or surely every *human* heart, beats with hope and fear; and there are women; too, in the crowd—mothers with their babies; these mothers, at least, will feel as woman does.

But is it so in fact? If I ask so strange a question as this, in a tone as if it could be asked in doubt, I must go back to the recollections of many years—fifty years or sixty—when things were seen and done on the Cornish coast which, as I suppose, have long ago ceased to be seen or done there. And it must now be seventy or eighty years, or more, since such things were done, as would at this time seem to be quite incredible if they were narrated.

I ask leave, then, to travel up the stream of time a full half-century, or thereabouts; and when we are there—that is to say, the reader and the writer—we will lodge ourselves snugly in a tidy house, in the cleanest street of a small fishing town, where droves of pack-horses laden with copper ore may be seen at any time, and where the hubbub of the pilchard fishery may be witnessed in August and September.

With what sort of preparation is it that the fit of fury comes on, when a gale indeed is, as they say, a-brewing? The prognostics are of the sort that are seldom, if ever, falsified; for it is to be understood that those great meteorologic evolutions of which hurricanes are a part only, or of which they are the *closing act*, are wrought out upon a vast scale—a scale much too large to be liable to the caprices of our every-day alternations of sunshine and shower. The tornado may have come down to the surface in a northern latitude from an upper region of the equatorial atmosphere, and it may actually impinge upon only a hundred or two hundred miles of the earth's surface in a northern latitude; but this surface of impact, as it may be called, is the segment of a circle the diameter of which may measure five hundred or a thousand miles. The atmospheric mass, thrown off from the tropics with equatorial speed, comes down charged with a great part of its tropical velocity; and therefore, although there may have been a dead calm fore and aft of the storm, the storm itself, where it does touch the surface, lashes the ocean to a rage, scatters ships, and, inland, it uproots the oaks out of which future ships should have been constructed. This great telluric uproar will not fail, therefore, to show signs of its coming a day or two beforehand. The sky and the clouds give evidence that a change has had place in the electric condition of the atmosphere; and it is a change which will

not disappoint either the fears of sailors, or the hopes of Cornish wreckers!

The south-western extremity of England—that is to say, the counties of Cornwall and Devon—stretch out as an exception, geographically, to the *lay* of the land wherever it runs far out to sea; for everywhere almost, in such instances, the *trend* is north and south, rather than east and west. Look to the map, and you will find fifty outstretching lands pointing toward the poles, for one which resembles the south-western outstretch of England. Then this projection, almost due west as it is, although it is on a small scale as compared with the contour of continents, yet it so presents itself toward the Atlantic that it brunts the great tidal flow in its way to skirt the island in three masses or volumes—the Atlantic Ocean parting off at the Scilly Islands, in one volume for the English Channel, in another for the Bristol Channel, and in another for St. George's Channel.

Tides and winds act and react upon each other, as contiguous bodies in motion must do; and in proportion as each element is in commotion, this correspondence must be increased; an equatorial hurricane and a spring tide coming together, bring clouds and waves to a tumultuous meeting, and the muster of these forces may be witnessed nowhere better, perhaps, than from one of those spurs of the granite range which runs on, as a spine from the Tors of Dartmoor to the Land's End. Find a niche into which you may, at the worst, run for shelter at moments of the most furious onslaught of wind and rain.

This December's day the wind has been steadily on the increase from the early morning, and huge masses of cloud have continued to tumble on toward shore, as if, having borne a heavy load all the way across from the Mexican Gulf, these clouds were in haste to lay down their burden on the nearest land they could find. Here and there, ragged rents in the cloud-mass give a glimpse of the blue sky. Blue it is not, or it is no such blue as that which gives its charm to an August afternoon; but, instead of this, the sky has shown a raw, fierce-looking, and ill-tempered slate color, and it is bordered by edgings of cloud that bespeak the violence that had caused them.

Day is now declining, and the heavens

scowl upon us darker and darker every minute: the rounded hills of the moorland, with their granite peaks, are all of one hue—it is a blackened heather; but the higher ridges are at this time more often hidden by the clouds than exposed. At such a time the Tors of Dartmoor are wrapped in heavily dragging clouds, for they are of greater height than those of Cornwall, which yet are mostly hidden. Much rain had not at present fallen; but a sullen bluster, with its violent gusts, once and again through the day, had threatened what should come at sunset, or an hour after it. There could be no motive for staying out upon the moors until after dark, for there will be nothing now to be seen until to-morrow's daybreak. In leaving the high land and turning coastward to descend a rugged way, one descries several vessels just on the sea line—there may be perhaps a dozen—laboring up channel, if by any means they might reach harbor while the day lasts. They carry the least possible canvas. But now how many of these vessels shall be able to get inside a harbor before morning? Some brave fellows, perhaps many, at this very moment as we turn homeward, are taking their last look of daylight!—and they know it is so; for they know it must be a miracle almost that should avert their fate!

This next morning is a Sunday morning. The scene, as I have said, is a snug lodging in a decently furnished house, the look-out being into the narrow street of a town—*some-where* on the Cornish coast,—whether on the north or south coast does not concern anybody just now,—and it was at a *time*, a little way on in the nineteenth century, or let us say it was a fifty years back from this current year, 1863. The dull morning is only just breaking, yet we are astir; and there is already a good fire in the kitchen, and a clean cloth is laid for the lodgers' breakfast in the tidy parlor. But now let me say in regard to all that follows—and I say it in candor—that if, in a *dramatic sense*, I report conversations uttered much longer ago than the Battle of Waterloo, it is the *dramatic import only* of such conversations that I vouch for, not the *ipsissima verba*; and, likewise, as to the descriptions I may give of what I remember to have seen, I must be understood to describe things in an *artistic sense*, not as if I were giving evidence in a court of justice. There is,

I say, a stir in the kitchen: there are six or seven speakers—men's voices, which are half-suppressed; but the tones are high pitched, in that manner which is characteristic of the people of the duchy, running up from the first syllable of a sentence to the last, which goes as high as the human voice is capable of. Some while before the earliest dawn "My Uncle Jemmy Polgreen" had come in as if to warm his fingers at his neighbor's fire. The town, too, was all alive; and, as "My Uncle Polgreen"\* was known to be the best-informed man in the place, several neighbors had followed him into the kitchen, and had ranged themselves around the fire, while the good woman, our hostess, gives a poke to the fire to make the kettle boil for our breakfast.

"There is a five come ashore in the Bay, that's certain," says my Uncle Polgreen; "and they tell me there is a brig on the sands off Hayle Copper House; and if she's *there*, sure enough she'll never get off."

"Five ashore in the Bay! what are they, and whereabouts?"

"There's three sloops, there's a brig, and something from Normandy—they don't know what; but we shall hear after breakfast."

"Where do ye say they are?"

"There's a sloop—which be nothing of consequence to us—on shore here, close under Gulwal Longrook; they say she's in ballast, and was coming in to load ore from Huel Abram for Swansea."

"What next?"

"Next is a sloop, in stannary tin; she could not clear the Longships, and so was forced to put back; to no good to them nor to anybody."

"Some of our people were over from Mousehole last night, and they say that off Tol Pedn Penwith there was a brig, laboring all day to wear round the point; but nobody believed she could possibly do it. They say she is the *Fanny*, of Bristol, with fruit from Smyrna: that is—fruit and coffee, and silks, perhaps."

"Fruit and coffee and silks?"

"Yes, just so."

Another speaker: "I shall be off and see what's to be the luck out of all this."

"But there's one more to be spoken of."

"Yes; and it might be the best of the bunch—only—it's a ship gone ashore under

\* Elderly men in Cornwall are called "My Uncle"—elderly women, "My Aunt."



Perran; what the cargo may be we don't quite know."

"What's the matter, then?"

"The cutter's people have got the inkling of her; and are close in on the look-out."

"Is that certain? How do you know it?"

"Because, before day, I saw Ben Nash and his men carrying their boat on their shoulders down to town, to put her off from the rocks as near as they could; and this was to go on board, to take possession for the underwriters. You may be sure they were thinking to go on board, for, as they carried torches, I saw that Nash's face, poor fellow! was as white as his shirt. The cutter's mate had sent him notice of the wreck, and so he couldn't be off going on board. My mind is, there will be very little of consequence to be done this Sunday: so you may take my opinion or not, as you choose; I, for one, sha'n't budge—I shall attend chapel as usual." Thus far "my uncle."

The purport or upshot of this broken talk may be gathered without the aid of an interpreter: it is,—plain English.

It was, as I have said, Sunday; and notwithstanding my Uncle Jem's judicious advice, there was a very scant attendance at any of the services through the day. But, now, if I utter what may sound like an innuendo, disadvantageous to some supposed religious community, I shall not allow the insinuation to go unexplained longer than just over-leaf, where I shall clear up its meaning. In fact, preachers in chapels, that gloomy day, had the mortification of looking upon many empty benches; for the temptation was of overpowering force to men trained from their boyhood in the regular business of "wrecking;" and who—the elders among them, no doubt—had often had a hand in doings to which the wreckings of these later times (fifty years ago) would seem child's play and innocence itself. The worthy folk in whose kitchen this conversation took place, were themselves no savages; they were respectable and well-conducted people—serious in mood, and constant chapel-goers; but they had been used to think wrecking *fair play*. As to the then obsolete practices of decoying ships on to the rocks by false lights, or by hanging a lanthorn to a mare's tail to imitate the motion of a ship's light at the stern; or as to the downright murder of the master and his mate, and his boy—this, these wor-

thy people would scorn to do, or anything of the sort; in truth, practices of this kind had at this time come to be condemned by Cornish public opinion; and it is unquestionable that the spread and the powerful influence of Wesleyan Methodism, had been one of the chief, perhaps it was the *main* means of bringing the ancient horrors of the Cornish coast to an end. Witness now, as a proof of this, what took place the very next Sunday after this that I have named. The superintendent from the nearest Wesleyan metropolis arrived at the town in angry mood: he made strict inquiry as to the attendance at chapel the preceding Sunday; he summoned the absentees, and he deprived of their tickets all those—men and women—who failed to give a satisfactory account of themselves as to their whereabouts on the preceding Sunday!

"We think it no sin to cheat the revenue." Such used to be the doctrine professed all along "in-shore" as to smuggling; and so it was that kegs of spirits, along with French gloves and silk stockings, and other valuable contrabands, were openly offered for sale throughout the southern and western counties, in town and country. "What's the harm?" This was the question asked across the table in well-reputed families. But if it was allowable to defraud the revenue, there could be no very intelligible distinction made between this sort of venial offence and the other offence of plundering a wrecked vessel. This was nothing worse than robbing the underwriters; and as to these gentlemen "in London," everybody knows that they make enormous profits in the way of their business; and as to wrecks and "wreckings," too, they *calculate* upon all these chances, and they square their rates of insurance accordingly. Besides all this—it is as well to save at once, while it may be had, what the waves would swallow if we did not take it."

Casuistry of this order took the more effect upon Cornish folks, because it fell in with a complicated system of gambling, which at that time (I have known very little of the duchy of late years) affected each of those great lines of business that are the distinction of the county. Large fortunes were won and lost in these speculations: yet this was not the worst of the case; for *small* fortunes, and *very small* fortunes, were every day (or used to be) won and lost in a manner that could.



not much differ from gambling; nor did this gambling differ much, in its issues, from robbery. People who were not above the condition of laborers, and small shopkeepers, artisans also, and needlewomen, might be wealthy this week, and paupers next week. It is this *commutation* of what may be called the luck of the county which disturbs and distorts the stated industry of any people; and, in doing so, it debauches their morality. Thus, then, it came about, that whereas the fate of a vessel, now near in-shore, and driving before a gale,—the people on board known to be likely to perish,—ought to touch every human heart in one way only, it does in fact put the Cornish coast people upon barbarous calculations, actually making them hopeful of so sad a catastrophe; and then, if hopeful of it, not unlikely to use means for bringing it about.

Hops are a speculative yield to the people of Kent; so are herrings to the people of Yarmouth; nor are mackerel much more to be relied upon; nor can better be said of sprats, certainly not of pilchards. Each of these great staples of trade opens a field, not merely for fair trade, but for speculation also, and so for gambling; yet not all of them in an equal degree, for some of these "yields" are not of a kind that can be stored, or that can be held long in hand. Pilchards for the Leghorn market can be stored only to a certain extent. If you would know how precarious the yield is, follow the men that take their glasses to the hill-tops in the early days of August:—see how eagerly they pursue the sea line, from the Lizard or Cuddan Point, to St. Buryan, and you will not doubt that when the approach of the pilchard shoal is indicated by the sparkling tinge on the farthest horizon, the haste of the men which you see to put the boats out is animated not simply by the prospect of an average harvest of fish, but by the *chance* of a catch of luck that shall justify a doubtful speculation in "a boat and a net." A fleet of pilchard boats, and the net thereto belonging, is likely to be in the hands of a large holder of sheds and barrels also; but as it is with copper ore, so with fish, that very small people split shares among themselves to an extreme subdivision; and so it is that a sixteenth of a share in Huel Cudder, or some other mine, or a twentieth share in a boat and a net, may be the entire personal estate of the occupant

of a hovel. These subdivisions, and these buyings and sellings and transfers in the copper and the fish share-market, while they impart life and intelligence to the laboring and the small trading classes in Cornwall, do also diffuse among them the restlessness and the lawlessness that are known to be everywhere the characteristics of gambling, especially of gambling when it is broken so small as to come within the means of those who do not own two coats.

Truly there was needed the strong arm of a powerful sacerdotal body—such as that is which makes known its will in the decrees of the Wesleyan "Conference"—to subdue and govern a population that for centuries had yielded itself to the influences of mines, fisheries, smuggling, and wrecking. Methodism, which has failed to take any appreciable hold of Devonshire, with its agricultural clotted-cream simpletons, has done indeed a great work of reformation in Cornwall. Like a "strong man armed,"—armed with the main truths of Christianity, has it thus broken into the house of a giant, and has (in good measure) "spoiled his goods."

I do not know that the business of "wrecking" has so far been brought under the conditions of ownership in *shares*, as that the luck which may reward bold speculations therein could be dealt in "on 'Change." Probably not, and hence it is that these fruits of rough weather, these harvests of the hurricane, have always been left to be gathered by lawless hands, and are reaped by the axe and hatchet of the spoliator. Often in remote times has a miserable crew been first seduced to its fate upon the rocks in thick weather, and then not seldom has the master, the mate, and the crew, too few and too feeble to fight for their lives, in escaping from among the breakers, been hurried to their end by the bludgeons of savage coastmen. Such have been the murky traditions of a time that is now, we may believe, long gone by.

But just now, putting away gloomy tales of robbery and murder in times gone by, we are intending to think only of what might be called the sublime in hydraulics. It is a spectacle (to which I made allusion in the first column of this paper)—it is the breaking up of a ship under the sheer force of the waves, effected, for the most part, in calm weather.

It was at another time that the people of a small fishing town on the Cornish coast had been listening, from half-hour to half-hour through a stormy night, to the melancholy echoes of a gun, fired from a ship known to be somewhere outside the granite reef that hedges in the cove at the bottom of which the town stands. Nothing of deeper draught than the fishing boats of the place ever came willingly so near inland as this ship must be which is firing its signals of distress. Yet the call could be of no avail; for even with the best intention, or even with the worst, no boat's company could attempt to go out at that time;—the night dark, and the sea running so high that the boats which had been hauled upon the shingle out of the reach of harm, as it was thought, had been thrown against each other, and half filled with water. Everybody knew what sort of spectacle would await the revelation of the approaching daylight. The people of the village, one and all, men and women and children, the women hugging their infants in their gray cloaks, were down on the beach some time before any object could be distinguished to seaward. A raging sea, now at ebb, a blustering gale, rattling tiles from the roofs, flapping canvas and cordage:—the candles, even in lanterns, could not be kept alight. The flash of the gun from time to time gave evidence as to the whereabouts of the stranded ship, whatever it might be, and the men had no doubt on this head—"She is right on the ridge, that's certain."

It was likely that the *inquilini* of this place—not used perhaps to confront the very worst weather before day—would wait indoors until after dawn at such a time. A very peculiar feeling—a something of dread and wonder, and a something of dismay, and a something, too, it must be confessed, of pleasurable excitement—attends the moment when, in turning the corner of a range of houses, or of a jutting rock, one catches the first sight of a huge mass, standing or lying prostrate where it could not have come at all otherwise than by means of a terrific mischance. Think, now, how you would feel if, on stepping out of doors in your quiet town, you saw the body of the church which yesterday occupied its site on the adjoining hill, lying flat on its side, and smashing the sheep-pens and the stalls in the market-place! Such was the spectacle of that December morning when the

sea mist blew off. There before us, and quite near, was an Indiaman of 1,400 tons, pitched in upon the rocks! The ship was not indeed flat upon its side, but it was marvellously high up on shore: so far in, and so high, that the drooping cordage of the bowsprit had swept away a flag-staff reared at the extreme edge of the shingle!

At this time, which might be about eight o'clock in the morning, the fog was clearing off from the sea; and the sea had run out far, for this was the fifth of the spring tides; and it was a tide extraordinary too. An unusual breadth of rocks showed their bare ruggedness, saving the many pools which marked the cavities. A deep drift also of sea-weed (*Fucus vesiculosus*) edged the cove, and upon this oily bedding there lay, thickly strewed, a deposit of green coffee, which had floated on shore from where the bags and chests of the ship's lading had been thrown overboard.

But now all eyes are fixed upon this Indiaman!—a big ship indeed it was; and its sombre hull—visible as it lay from the very keel to the rails of the gunwale and quarter-deck—made all objects around it, or I should say all human works, appear small. A sea unusually high had fairly lifted the huge vessel over the flat where, otherwise, she must have struck the ground; and this wave had carried her on to the pitch of a reef near inshore. Yet the ship had not quite cleared this ridge, and when this one wave retired, the stern, with the weight of the chains—the anchors—the masts—the shrouds—the cross-trees, had swayed over, and had come to its rest in a hollow, while the bows and foreships tilted up high in the air. The ship also, in settling down, had got a lurch on the star-board side. So it was that the loftiness of the structure, seen from the keel to the gunwale, so presented itself to the eye—as a prodigious mass—in length and height.

The ship as yet had sustained no very material injury, beyond the loss of the fore-mast and yards, with the cross-trees and shrouds: there was also a leak somewhere amidships; but there could be no immediate fear of its going to pieces; and although it might be a hopeless attempt to float her off, much might yet be done for the benefit of the underwriters. This was, in fact, an instance which saved the people of this coast all damage to their tender consciences, for the victim was too big to come within the range of their line of busi-

ness; the ship's company also were too many for them; and besides this, it was known that an agent of the underwriters had already arrived; and, moreover, a revenue cutter was understood to be not far away. As to the mighty Atlantic, there was no probability *now*, as the spring tides were already on the turn, that the next tide should reach this reef at all, or should cause alarm to the crew or passengers, if they chose to remain on board for a while.

What and who were the crew and the people on board? This is the next inquiry. Crew and passengers together were numerous enough to present themselves as a crowd, peering over the larboard rails. The motley assemblage exhibited a great variety of costume. The captain and his first lieutenant had already come on shore, having slung themselves from the tackle at the bow; and they were at this time seen to be in earnest conference with an official person who had arrived, and they were taking measures, first, for getting the passengers on shore, and then for securing the interests of the owners and underwriters. Holding fast to the taffrail and gunwale, so as to retain their position on the tilt of the quarter-deck, might be seen four or five passengers, and among these was a lady and her children—their dishevelled locks and shawls were streaming in the wind. The terrors of the night had now passed away, and they had accepted the assurance that, for *this day* at least, all would be safe on board; the ship was said to be tight and right, and she lay high up out of the reach of the next tide—so it was thought. Midships, and all the way on to the larboard bow, were gathered the crew,—in part European, and in part also Hindoo; for the ship, which was country-built, from Bombay, had taken a complement of its hands from the native maritime class. These were huddled in a group at the bows and about the fore-castle.

Little had been reported as to how the ship had come to this disaster; but it was affirmed that the gale, which had been blowing now almost a fortnight, had overtaken this Indiaman in or about the Bay of Biscay; and that, after it had blown hard for three or four days, the Hindoos had abandoned themselves in murky mood to despair, and had stubbornly refused to do their part of the duty: they had huddled themselves together upon the cables about the cap-tan, and there

they squatted, awaiting, as they thought, their inevitable fate. This had thrown so much labor upon the Europeans of the ship's company—officers and men—that they had become utterly exhausted, and were at length incapable of working the ship at all. Nothing could be done, therefore, but leave her to run before the storm until she should pitch somewhere upon the English coast. Fortunately, indeed, did those on board think themselves that they had thus made land in a cove where the lives of all might be saved.

During the morning there had been anxious deliberations on board. Very little peril seemed to be incurred in awaiting at least the approach of the next tide; and as to the passengers, *they* might think there would be less risk in doing so than in attempting to descend upon the rocks from the lofty side of the ship. Besides this, although the people of this Cornish coast *at this time* knew that they should do the wrecked people no bodily harm, it was likely that the passengers, who were returning from India after perhaps a twenty years' absence, might entertain a traditional ill opinion of the "natives" of this Cornish coast.

The captain had already started for London, leaving his officers in charge of the crew, who were to be kept on board to the last,—especially the Hindoos, who by all means were to be held to their berths. The more valuable part of the cargo—such as the bales of silk, the shawls, some chests of tea, and spices—might, it was believed, be brought on shore at leisure without material damage.

The tide was now again on the flow, and about noon the sea once and twice made a leap upon the poop, and actually dashed into the cabins through the broken casements. Yet this tide ebbed as it came; but toward sunset the gale showed signs of renewing its violence, and so the passengers took fright. No doubt the lady on board would look forward in terror to the hours of a long night, throughout which she would be listening to the waves breaking heavily upon the stern bulwarks and deluging the cabins. It is not unlikely, too, that some of the male passengers, gladly listening to the alarms of the lady, would give their votes for getting on shore, if this could be done, by daylight. Daylight was, in fact, now going fast, and not a moment more should be spent in debate. To take to the boat from the gunwale or the

ladder of a lofty ship, when the sea is running high, must at all times be a nice matter. It is so even out at sea, where all the conditions are in a sort under the command of men who feel themselves at home among the waves; but it is far more difficult to effect this operation when great waves, breaking heavily upon a rocky shore, are to be contended with; and to do this, moreover, when a lady and several children are to be duly taken care of. It might have been wise to risk another night on board, rather than to attempt coming on shore at the time when this was done.

Quickly the ship's long-boat was manned, and swung from the chains in preparation for a landing. At this moment each wave in its turn ran up the side of the ship—up and down, not less than twenty feet. The exact instant must be caught when the boat, now afloat, was lifted to its pitch—or let me say—its culmination: two seconds only could be granted!—and in that brief instant a lady—with due observance on the part of rough arms—must be handed down from the gap in the gunwale to the boat: yet the thing was done, and the lady took her seat; but another and another wave must be waited for; the children had not come off with their mother: minutes of suspense in such a case are hours; but after about ten such minutes, the mother and her three children were seated side by side. Yet now there was the landing to be effected; but in effecting this the expert fishermen of the place (not cannibals) did their best: they were already in the water, and they well knew how to bring the boat under the lee of a jutting rock, where a landing would be nothing worse than a wetting. No doubt the lady and her children, as well as two or three passengers who left the ship at this time, would receive every needful hospitality from a somebody on shore. The next day the luggage of these passengers was brought on shore for them, and they, in glad-some mood, left for London.

That next following night was passed in anxiety by the crew and officers on board, who believed themselves again to be in peril. The gale had returned with its utmost fury; the tide rose much higher than is usual so long after the full of the moon. By this time, moreover, the ship, which at the first had taken the ground at the stern, in a rocky cavity filled with sand and drift, had forged

itself down to a lower level, so that now, in fact, the waves beat into the saloon and the chief cabins; nor could shelter have been found anywhere in the aft part of the ship. Again from time to time, through this rude night, those on shore heard the dismal report of the gun, which spoke the alarm of the people on board. But the night cometh, and also the morning—and how welcome is the morning to those who have waited for it as this ship's company had waited for it! The morning showed a sea far enough away; and now there was time for all to come ashore at their leisure. This they did: a motley crew, indeed, with which, and their oriental costumes, and their manners and superstitions, we shall not just now concern ourselves. All lives were saved! and a valuable cargo also in good part was brought ashore. What was abandoned to its fate was only a huge ruin! But why was it thus abandoned? Why not taken to pieces? The answer is this. To take down an old mansion, and to find customers for the materials, for the tiles, the bricks, the windows, the timbers, the floorings, may well pay the cost of the operation. But it is another sort of affair to take a ship to pieces, and then to dispose of its timbers and boards with advantage; and those have not made the experiment who would think it a good speculation to purchase a wrecked Indiaman, country-built, and built of teak wood! The billows must do their wonted office in clearing the shore of this unmanageable compage. That which man has framed, the waves in their might must unmake.

If you would understand the construction and the movements of a clock or a watch, you should stand at the elbow of the artisan who cleans it while he is taking it to pieces for that purpose. For a like purpose you may take a similar course when, as the phrase is, a ship is to be "broken up" in dock. Or if not so, then you may avail yourself of such opportunities as are likely to occur in spending winters at some of those points on the coast where vessels are wont to be wrecked. Sad occasions of this sort are frequent with the coalers, and other small craft of the coasting trade of England and Scotland and Ireland; but the wreck and destruction of ships of large size, happening so near in-shore as to bring the catastrophe, from first to last, under the eye of the people that may there



be the spectators, is an event of infrequent occurrence. If in this instance we describe with particularity such an event, the narrative must not be interpreted in the most rigidly historical sense; but rather as true *characteristically* as to the details. It is enough if the writer describes *veraciously*, in its pictorial aspects, what he has seen actually in the course of bygone years. He is not, as he has already said, giving his evidence on oath concerning the wreck of the "Bombay Castle," or the "Lord Cornwallis," fifty years ago.

The canoe of the Polynesian savage is a tree hollowed out; but the ship of civilization, either ancient or modern, is a vast jointed compage of timbers and of boards, bolted and bound together, in the several modes of scarfing and rebating, and mortising and scoring, as well as of caulking, stuffing, pitching, and lining. And so, you may say, is a house; but here the grounds of contrast, or *unlikeness*, are more than the grounds of analogy. In the first place, as to the *relative position* of almost everything in the house and in the ship. Let us now think of a country house or family mansion complete by itself; and then imagine that you could loosen it from its foundations—turn it upside down—the down side up; and then you will have—as to the general position of the parts—a ship of two thousand tons burden. Let the pavement of the wine-cellars answer for the quarter-deck of the ship, the basement apartments for the midships; the drawing-room and dining-room—only the ceiling where the floors should be—will be almost in their proper places, answering for the corresponding apartments in a ship; and the attics of the mansion will serve to represent her hold and the storeroom.

This is not all; for not only is the ship a house *topsy-turvy*; beside this, the *statical law* of the one structure is almost the reverse of the law which rules in the other structure. Or, to speak more correctly, the difference is this: the house, in every part of it, obeys a *statical law*; while the ship, in every part of it, obeys a *dynamical law*: the one adapts itself to gravitation, acting always *in one direction*; and it regards also the strain of the materials, *when at rest*. The other adapts itself to *forces acting in different directions* with variable intensities, and liable to all those combinations which result from the incessant

movements of the waves, and from the power of the wind acting upon the sails, the masts, the cordage. A house, or a church tower, will continue to stand (earthquakes not included) if only the centre of gravity be always somewhere within the point of support. But a ship must be able to keep itself right—that is to say, decks uppermost—at moments when the centre of gravity of the mass has come to lean far over and beyond the line of support,—supposing the ship to be in dock,—resting on its stays. The line of support shifts when the centre of gravity in the entire mass is thrown off from the perpendicular. This shifting, or alteration of centres, takes place from moment to moment whenever the ship rolls from side to side, or when it pitches the bows and poop alternately uppermost. Therefore it is that this vast framework must be knit and bolted together;—it must be tied, banded, trussed, and cross-lashed by transverse stays, in a manner for which there is no room or occasion in the building of a house. Keep this in mind—that the architect has to consider, and to calculate upon, *gravitation*, and *also* the strength of materials *at rest*. The shipbuilder also considers these same laws; and he has to think *also* of the principles of dynamics, and the laws of Force acting upon a body *in motion*.

So it will be, that whereas an old building will at length fall into ruins, part by part, in a perpendicular direction only; a ship, when thrown on the rocks, and when left to contend there, *first*, with gravitation, for a contest with which it was not intended; and *next*, with the force of the waves, for contending with which it should not be brought to rest *on a solid*—a ship *first* breaks in two—breaks its back, from the want of an evenly distributed support; and then it is rent with violence, bit from bit, because its holdings are strained beyond their power or their inherent tenacity.

We return, then, to the Indiaman, resting where we left her, on a tilt of rocks very near in-shore. But what now is her condition? At this time we may get ourselves on board without risk, and there look about us. All that was thought to be worth the labor of removing it, has already been removed. The sea is now as far away as it ever is on this precipitous coast. The prospect from the up-tilted deck aforeships is somewhat dismal: pools of water, edged with sea-weed, show



their dull reflections of a wintry sky. To seaward the horizon is fringed with breakers, and beyond these one may descry a half-dozen vessels, brigs and sloops, that are tacking up channel. Turning coastward, one admires the gloomy, sepulchral picturesqueness of this granite coast-wall; nor is there much risk in believing that thirty centuries ago, Carthaginian and Tyrian mariners, the contemporaries of Hiram, King of Tyre, and of King Solomon, looked on the very same rugged shapes, when, year by year, they came for their lading of tin and copper.

On board the wreck, the prospect is also dismal enough; desolation reigns there; all things are dismantled; one sees shreds and scraps of things, carvings and gildings and panels, berths and saloons—all now awaiting their destiny to strew the rocks far and near with unsightly fragments. The ship has a little changed her position, as we have said, for she has slid down upon the reef several feet—inasmuch as the drift and sand that had filled the cavity upon the surface of which at first the hull and stern had rested, have now given way, allowing the great weight of the mass to find a more solid support on the bare rock below. Thus it is that lower tides than at first have now reached the wreck: and each tide, as it comes, brings with it a deposit of sand, which enters by the cabin windows and by the leak: this now weighs down the sternmost part of the hull, from about midships to the sternpost. This condition of the wreck, held fast as it is by the weight of this foreign material, gives the sea a great advantage over it, and thus hastens the work of demolition. Although the contrary might seem likely, it is an advantage in regard to the lifting power of the waves, and also as to their power of breaking and rending all things. For seeing how this is, as well as for our own safety, this process of breaking up will best be looked at from a snug position on shore. To understand well what is henceforward going on, we must recollect that this vast framework of bolted timbers—joints, floorings, bulkheads, boardings, linings—is cradled in its place on a tilt or slope of about twenty degrees from the horizontal: the lower portion of this structure, the part from midships to the stern and taffrail, being heavily weighted down with drift sand, seaweed, and bilge water, it is held fast; while the upper part, the foreships, from the bows

to the mizzen-mast—itself empty, and yet of enormous weight, with its machinery, its capstans, its hawsers, its bowprit yards, the foremast, its shrouds, cross-trees, the copper sheathing, and cap of the hull, and as many of the yards of the mizzen-mast as have not gone over with the canvas. I will not now venture a guess as to what may be the absolute weight of this framework and its attachments and its belongings: it must be very many tons; but this is certain, that when the sea retires the whole of it hangs on a strain—by its bolts and scarfings and mortises, upon the afterpart, just as a timber-framed house would hang, one-half of it upon the other half, if you were to scoop away the whole of the cellars and the sleepers and the underpinning, from that one-half of it. It is true that the ship is so framed as to sustain in part this great strain, but not so as to bear it wholly, or as a dead weight for a length of time. At this time we are thinking of the sea at the ebb—is run out—and therefore is not taking upon itself a portion of this load.

What now may we imagine is happening within the wrecked vessel? The enormous bolts of the keel-pieces and of the futtocks are slowly giving way; the nuts and the heads of these bolts are being drawn; all the joints are gaping; all the timbers above the bilge are parted more or less in their turn. The original sweep of the decks has got a fatal curve, and if the ship has not already broken her back with this strain, she can only be waiting the moment of the next heavy shake, and two or three blows, when she ships a sea; then she will inevitably undergo this mortal injury, and must soon afterwards break up. I have said that the *fixity* of the hull towards the stern gives the sea its advantage in demolishing the forepart, or so much of it as is empty and unfixed. Now we may omit what will have occurred in the interval between the one spring tide and the next; or the next which might happen along with a heavy gale from the west, or soon after such a gale. The sea is again coming on with the full power of its billows—each wave is a mile in length—wave upon wave, resolute, and all like lines of veterans, shoulder to shoulder, determined and intent to reach their places on the field at the destined moment. There may perhaps always be a controversy between mathematicians and or-

dinary lookers-on as to the actual height of waves in a heavy sea—that is to say, a question as to what the perpendicular height is from the lowest part of the trough to the crest of the wave. I freely grant this height is not so great as one may fancy it to be, yet I think it is something more than one finds it set down in treatises upon “undulation.” Be it more or less, here comes the seventh wave, or the eleventh: it comes in its silent pomp of power; and if there were any living men now on board this wreck, they would be expecting their fate at the very next moment. Yet the wave comes, and it runs by, and it breaks with noise upon the shingle ashore.

Nevertheless, it has not passed to no purpose, as to the break-up of the ship. At its height, if you had been in the proper position to observe it, you might have seen an ominous *lift* of the entire foreships, as if it were now released from its dying grasp of the aft part of the hull. And as there has been a *lift*, so also a reel—a shake to and fro—a stagger, resembling that of a wounded or of a drunken man if he be struck on the back. This wave also recedes! and now what a broad deluge is it that sheets itself over the deck amidships, and over the quarter-deck! and how does the torrent rush through the doorways in the stern bulkhead! and what copious fountains do now roar from out of the chief-cabin windows, as if in rage and disappointment—finding nothing there for their pains! This big wave has not only shaken and loosened the foreships, it has given a sort of twist to the hinder part also, which has shifted a little the position of the mass on the rocks. The settling down of the shattered body anew has parted the planking, and in consequence, it has torn the copper sheathing here and there from the bottom, which now bulges and hangs loose. The sharp ridges of the granite reef are grating the timbers of the frame below; of which you may have this evidence—that as the mizzenmast has kicked itself out of its keel, it leans over to starboard, ready for its fall overboard: a fall which is soon to come! Now keep your eye fixed upon the doomed and dying ruin! Life, the life, if we may so call it, of the structure is still in the ship; but the next great wave is slowly coming on; and now it is at its height! The shattered victim is

everywhere enveloped; it is embraced; it is shrouded while it dies; there is a trembling, as if the ship, conscious that her minutes are numbered, shuddered as she feels that she has received her death-blow, and that in the next minute nothing will remain of her noble contour, nothing of her graceful sweep, nothing of her princess pride; nothing but the pitiful fragments that shall strew the shore, or be carried far out to sea!

Yet this wave also spends its fury, and roars and dies upon the shingle. It has done its worst: it is gone, and the shattered fore-ship, the forward half of the hull, has been rent into frightful framings, which float off to seaward, showing only here and there an elbow above water. Some of these still-bolted timbers anchor themselves in the looser shingle, and there they stick as ghastly monuments, until they are gathered by the coastward people, as a fair gleanings of the ruin, and an acceptable contribution to the stock of winter fuel.

As to the aft part of the hull, the stern, and its solid attachments, they still remain. The shattered mass has settled further down on the reef, the sharp edges of which have cut or splintered the cross-timbers; the knee-pieces have loosened off from the keel and the sternpost; the floor timbers are all torn away; the top timbers are disjointed, and stick out from the ribs; the futtocks are parting from the ribs; the ribs are broken in two; the taffrail has come away; the splintered mainmast went overboard at the first.

Such, now, is this unsightly ruin, in the state in which these last spring tides have left it! The next springs may find it nearly what it is now. We wait a month, and then again watch the work of demolition in its next stage. The quarter-deck is still almost entire, but the sheathing hangs—droops from the bottom; almost all the planks have started. The waves now take an idle run over a fallen foe, and spread, as a broad cataract, down the sides, and rush out through the ports, and froth away from out of every rift. The good ship has been dead for weeks, and yet the skeleton holds together for a time, and it may so hold until the storms of another winter shall have come on to make clearance thoroughly of the dismal ruins which this winter has left.

THE ALLEGED FAILURE OF THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

THE English people, although the most staid and sedate in the world, are singularly given to panics, and about once a year treat themselves to a fright with all the regularity of custom and necessity. The latest cause of national tribulation is the "alleged failure of the Armstrong gun," which, to judge from the language of the British journals, is an epitome of the ignorance, imbecility, incapacity, and jobbery (these being the characteristics during the panic period) of the English War Department. Our own people (the wish evidently being father to the thought) take up the cry of the British panic-makers and without troubling themselves to look into the subject at all pronounce the Armstrong gun defunct with exceeding amiability.

As, notwithstanding its periodical killing off, the gun seems to persist in having an existence, it might be well to examine into its history, present condition, and prospects, and see if possible, how far the charges against it can be sustained. The intention of the British Government is to displace the present cumbersome and dangerous cast-iron gun by supplying a gun of larger calibre and less weight, capable of withstanding safely the explosion of heavy charges of powder—the points to be gained being accuracy, range, velocity, safety, and practical indefinite power of increasing the calibre.

Sir William Armstrong, the *alleged* inventor of the Armstrong gun, asserts that he has met successfully all these requirements, and his assertion is endorsed by the Parliamentary Select Committee. The opponents of the system assert its failure on the score of complexity, liability to injury, excessive recoil, excessive cost, cost of repair, failure in comparison with the 68-pounder cast gun, and inability to bear the rough treatment of real service. The Armstrong gun is made by welding together endwise a number of wrought iron coils or rings, forming a cylinder open at both ends; this cylinder is rifled, and at the breech an oblong hole or slot is cut to receive the plug or vent-piece, which is fitted very accurately and furnished with handles for removing and replacing. At the termination of the breech, and in a line with the bore, a powerful screw is fitted and provided with a lever by which it can be turned with great force against the vent-piece, which in its turn

is crowded against the orifice of the bore, preventing the escape of gas or smoke while firing. To load the gun, unloose the screw, lift out the vent-piece which discloses the bore, slip in the ball or bolt, place the cartridge behind it, replace the vent-piece, secure it with a turn of the screw, and the gun is ready to fire.

What has the Armstrong gun done? It has thrown a rifled bolt from the 12-pounder field-gun 29,000 feet, or nearly five miles and a half, with an elevation of about thirty-five degrees. It can throw a bolt with very nearly the accuracy of the target-rifle. It is pronounced (the 12-pounder field-gun) by the Parliamentary Select Committee "the best gun in the service for rapidity of firing, accuracy, range, ease of transportation, and general effectiveness." It does not risk the lives of the gunners. The 150-pounder *muzzle-loader* has been fired with a charge of seventy pounds of powder without injury to the gun—a feat probably without parallel. The 300-pounder muzzle-loader, fitted for 300-lb. elongated projectile, or 150-lb. round shot, was loaded with a 150-lb. round-shot and fifty pounds of powder, and fired at an iron target, with the following result, quoting from the report of the Shoeburyness trial:—

"The effect of this was instant and tremendous. With a terrific crash it smashed through the thickest (5 1-2 inch) plate of the target,—through cells and backing and inner skin,—shivering into matchwood one after the other two of the massive beams which shored up the target from behind, and, plunging into the earth beyond, glanced and went up into the hot, still air with a roar that was audible for many seconds. Beams, bolts, and plate had all alike been scattered into fragments far and wide before the passage of this tremendous missile, and one could only look with wonder upon the wreck it had made, and think with something like terror on the effect such a shot would have upon the ship it struck, and above all upon the crew that happened to be inside it when such a thunderbolt of war came in. It was the general opinion, judging from the smashing the shot had inflicted after its passage through the target, and the prolonged flight its sound showed it had made through the air afterwards, that, had a second target of the same kind been behind the first, it would, in all probability, have gone through both. In other words, had a ship been constructed on the principle of this target, it would have gone in at one side and out at the other, making the same ruin of both."

Of five hundred and seventy 12-pounders in service, thirteen have been returned for repairs, of which only three have been pronounced unserviceable and the remainder repairable at an inconsiderable expense. The 12-pounders are field-guns and have been used in the China and New Zealand campaigns with great success. The heavy cast-iron guns in the British navy have in a great measure been laid aside and their places supplied with Armstrong 110-pounders breech loaders, which are the largest guns yet in service—the 150, 300, and 690 muzzle-loaders being as yet experimental. Sir William Armstrong reports that of all the guns made by him, or at the Government workshops on his plan, *not one has burst*, nor has one been destroyed except by the gradual process.\* To meet the charge that the guns are too delicate to bear shipment, it is reported by the Master of Ordnance that at the Peiho Forts in China, in New Zealand and Bengal, the guns came out of the ships' holds in perfect order and ready for use.

The disadvantages or weaknesses of the Armstrong gun are: the vent-pieces are troublesome and cumbrous; the lifting out and replacing to load occupy time, and there is liability to leakage of gas at the breech. As the gun increases in size, the vent-piece has to be increased proportionally till, with the 300-pounder gun, a separate machinery for lifting will have to be introduced (if this gun is made breech loading), as the vent-piece will weigh nearly a thousand pounds. With the large guns and very heavy charges of powder the vent-piece is not unfrequently broken, and a spare one accompanies each gun. The machinery for forcing up the vent-piece is complex and in action liable to disarrangement by the accident of an enemy's shot, or violent recoil. In point of fact it is quite

\*The "gradual process," mentioned by Sir William Armstrong, is probably what is known to practical gunners as the *lodgment* or indentation of the ball. This first shows itself at the point immediately under the ball where it rests at the moment of the discharge. It is best observed in a soft bronze or wrought iron gun, and from the first instant of its appearance, as a slight impression of the under surface of the ball, it goes on increasing at every discharge until it becomes so deep as to deflect the ball upwards at the instant of its flight to strike the upper surface of the bore, where a second indentation takes place, considerably in advance of the first, and from this a third still more advanced upon the under side. These indentations go on increasing in size and number, and at length bulges appear upon the outside of the gun, which becomes oval near the muzzle and at last is destroyed.

likely that the breech-loading apparatus will be dispensed with altogether in future, as Sir William Armstrong in his large guns has adopted what he calls the "shunt-loading" or muzzle-loading principle, thus returning to the identical gun from which he took all his successful ideas—the Treadwell patent.

The gun is not so strong as the cast-iron gun in its transverse axis. A 6-pounder bronze gun was brought up against a 12-pounder Armstrong at right angles to its length. Three shots were fired; the first struck about eighteen inches back from the muzzle, and perceptibly deflected it from the right line; the second struck half-way between the muzzle and trunnions, and deflected over thirty degrees; the third struck behind the trunnions, and completed the destruction. The distance between the guns in this trial was thirty yards.

The 110-pounder is not so effective a gun for heavy pounding at short range as the 68-pounder cast-iron gun. The 68-pounder, with a charge of sixteen pounds of powder, gives an initial velocity to the ball of about two thousand feet a second; the 110-pounder Armstrong thirteen hundred feet a second; but then the range of the Armstrong is vastly superior to the cast-iron, and while the former appears capable of almost indefinite expansion as to size of bore and weight of projectile, the 68-pounder seems to be the limit of the power of the cast-iron.

The recoil of the Armstrong gun is great, but not excessive as stated.

The matter of the excessive cost of the guns may be set at rest by the acknowledged fact that the gun which will do the most work is cheapest, whatever it may cost. The cost of repair, as before mentioned, is slight.

To sum up, therefore, it would appear that, aside from the breech-loading apparatus (which will doubtless be abandoned altogether), the Armstrong gun is very much more of a success than is generally supposed. When the present series of experiments is concluded, England will be able to take the field with 300, 600, and 1000-pounder muzzle-loading guns, which can be safely fired with heavy charges of powder, and *can we say as much?* It is certainly little creditable to us to laugh so loudly at our neighbors' supposed mishaps, considering the lamentable failure of our Rodman 15-inch guns and Parrott 300-pounders.\* While we continue to arm our monitors with cast-iron abortions that even the Turks (whose ideas our Ordnance Board seem to have borrowed) would be ashamed of, it is not becoming in us to laugh at others.

W.

\*Nearly all the 300-pounder Parrott guns used at the siege of Charleston are said to have burst at the first discharge.